

ECHO

WINTHROP HIGH SCHOOL



YEAR BOOK

1926

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MISS CLARA M. SPENCE

The Dedication

*We, the Class of 1926, seeking to
find a fitting tribute, in expression of
our appreciation and gratitude, for
one who has played a large part in
making our high school years happy
and successful, lovingly dedicate this*

Commencement number of

The Echo to

Miss Clara M. Spence



EDWARD R. CLARKE, Principal

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1926

As you leave your high school to go out into business or to college or technical schools, I wish you would remember that the Winthrop High School expects "Every one to do his duty." If you strive to reflect credit upon your Alma Mater you will at the same time bring credit upon yourself. Try to get at the right values of things in the world. I mean by this that I hope you will choose pleasures, pursuits, and friends of real worth and not be confused and led aside by a vain search after pleasure for pleasure's sake alone.

The greatest joy and satisfaction that can come to you is that which comes from doing something really worth while in the world. You can get these joys by trying to do your daily tasks better than anyone else can do them.

We shall miss you very much and shall want to see you and hear from you often. With congratulations and all best wishes,

Your friend,

EDWARD R. CLARKE.

June 23, 1926.

In Memoriam

CLARA GRACE AYRES

of the

FACULTY

Died December 23, 1925

JOHN FREDERICK

GUNN

Class of 1927

Died January 13,

1926

CATHERINE

GERTRUDE BELCHER

Class of 1928

Died May 6,

1926



ECHO BOARD

Editor-in-Chief
Frank F. Bauer, Jr.

Business Manager
Lester M. Wile

Assistant Business Managers

Alfred Fenton
Otis W. Crocker
John F. Martin

Managing Editor
James A. Leighton

Staff Assistant
Norman L. Corwin

Art Editors
Laura C. Atkinson
John E. Devlin

Literary Editor
Virginia M. Fowler

Sport Editors
Ada G. Foley
Waldo F. Bucek
Horace Smith
Guy W. Mellgren, Jr.
Laurence P. Monahan

Club Notes
Isabel S. Blandford

Alumni Notes
Louise Rowe
John L. Lochhead

Exchanges
Estelle M. Rainville
Sara Klier

Miscellany
Anna W. Cook
Dorothy V. Davis
Lazarus H. Goldberg
Phyllis B. Altmeyer

Distributing Agent
Allison C. Stewart

Faculty Adviser
Miss Lucy A. Drew

DEVLIN
-26

HIGH SCHOOL DIRECTORY

School Committee

Albert R. Stedfast, Chairman; Horace A. Magee, Secretary
Charles A. Williams

Superintendent of Schools

Frank A. Douglas

Principal

Edward R. Clarke

Sub-Master

Frederic C. Loomis

Secretary

Dorothy Cousins

Assistants

Latin, Katherine Bacon, Florence Nelson; French and German, Crescentia Beck; Chemistry, History, Physics, Ethlinda G. Rice; Spanish and Latin, Helen J. Cady; English, Lucy A. Drew, Florence Wilder, Marjorie Twitchell; French, Martha L. Eveleth; Stenography, C. Ruth Gordon; Typewriting, Mabel M. Howatt; Geometry and Algebra, George D. Grierson; French, Helen E. Brown; Algebra, Chemistry, Physical Training, Harold W. Poole; General Science, Lenora M. Peabody; Bookkeeping, Civics, Arithmetic, Anna Pfanenstiehl; Penmanship and Arithmetic, Margaret L. Reed; Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, Geography, Walter Donahue; English, Spanish, Latin, Helen Beaton; Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Leslie Dunham; Domestic Science, Marie J. McPherson, Dorothy Higgins; History, Mark Mohler, Elizabeth Buethe; Science, Mathematics, Physical Training, Arthur Coulman.

Special Teachers

Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing, Eber I. Wells, Timothy Sheehan; Free Hand Drawing, Industrial Arts, Harriet M. Day; Supervisor of Music, George H. Dockham; Physical Culture, Florence T. Key; Dramatics, Clara M. Spence.

LIST OF PUPILS NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY IN THE CLASS OF 1926

Six Years

Stella Hinchcliffe

Five Years

Hortense Sanders

Four Years

Otis Crocker

John Lochhead

Dominic Perrone

Ada Foley

Three Years

Gladys Barclay

Joseph Gray

David McEwan

Arthur Nickerson

Veronica Preg

Dorothy Stearns

Margaret Verdi

Two Years

Isabel Blandford

Ruth Clarke

Evangeline Jenkins

Walter Johnson

Harold Mayer

Estelle Rainville

Robert Rockwood

Catharine Stevens

Marion Thompson

One Year

Phyllis Altmeyer

Laura Atkinson

Doris Baker

Ernest Baker

Robert Ball

Frank Bauer

George Boyle

Mildred Bridgman

Francis Bucek

Arthur Burke

Paul Connor

Dorothy Dixon

Eleanor Fisher

Warren Gillon

Gwendolyn Hall

Helen Hall

Ruth Herbert

Guy Lothrop

Isabella McFarlane

Franklyn McNaught

Guy Mellgren

Laurence Monahan

Victor Nelson

Paul Norris

Evelyn Peters

Madel Ramsey

Helen Remick

Ellis Stone

Allison Stewart

Wellington Stewart

Arthur Tewksbury

Doris Wales

Stella White

Lester Wile

The Seniors

- Richard D. Abrams
Dorothy Louise Adams
*Phyllis Beatrice Altmeyer
William Roberts Ames
Eleanor Elizabeth Arnold
*Laura Chapman Atkinson
Doris Mae Baker
Ernest Andrew Baker
Nancy Hannah Baker
Robert Walter Ball
Gladys Barclay
*Carl Baskin
Frank Ferdinand Bauer, Jr.
*Mary Becker
*Isabel Selina Blandford
George James Boyle
Catherine Frances Brady
*Mildred Vincent Bridgman
Sarah Brooks
*Waldo Francis Bucek
George Arthur Burke
Ruth Louise Canton
Thomas John Carnicelli
Sylvia S. Cedar
Caroline Ciampa
Kendall Clark
Ruth Leigh Clarke
Adeline Cecilia Clougherty
Paul Clayton Connor
*Anna Whitman Cook
Robert Morris Copenhagen
Norman Lewis Corwin
Ruth Frances Cousins
George Clayton Crocker
Otis Waite Crocker
Robert Wallace Crossman
Esther Marjorie Curran
Alice Flora Davenhall
Dorothy Vogel Davis
Martin Peter Delorey
John Edmund Devlin
Leslie Richard Dimes
Margaret A. Dineen
*Dorothy Elizabeth Dixon
Cecile Marie Donoghue
Ralph M. Ferrar
*Evelyn Fingold
Irene Eleanor Fisher
Bernard Joseph Flannery
*Minnie Fleishman
*Ada Gertrude Foley
Madeline Fopiano
*Virginia Minot Fowler
Paul Douglas Frankland
Joseph Albert Fraser
Milton Hill Friedenberg
Eva M. Garr
*John Warren Gillon
George Glass
*Lazarus Harold Goldberg
Sydney David Goldberg
Stephen Joseph Grady
Joseph James Gray
Gwendolyn Hall
Helen Cecelia Hall
Violet Gwendolyn Hannaford
John Francis Harkins
Margaret Eileen Hayes
Stanley Charles Healy
Raymond Eugene Herbert
Ruth Herbert
Stella E. Hinchcliffe
Ruth Maud Irish
Evangeline Ellen Jenkins
Walter Durant Johnson
Miriam Beatrice Kadushin
Margaret Mary King
*Sara Klier
Minerva Kranetz
*James Ambrose Leighton
*Charles Liberman
John Lipton Lochhead, Jr.
Guy Henry Lothrop, Jr.
*Byron LeRoy MacKusick
Rufus Washington Madison
Anna Pauline Mahony
John Francis Martin
Harold Francis Mayer
Geraldine Rosalie McCarthy
David Beattie McEwan
*Isabella Law McFarlane
Franklyn Cameron McNaught
Guy Waldemar Mellgren, Jr.
Laurence Patrick Monahan
Henry Edwin Moore
Florence Elizabeth Mourad
Beatrice Mae Nelson
Victor Joseph Nelson
*Agnes Julia Nestor
Arthur Thomas Nickerson
Paul Augustus Norris
Dominic Perrone
*Evelyn Florence Peters
Grace Frances Pigion
Frieda Pransky
*M. Veronica Preg
Louis Raymond Racca
*Estelle Marie Rainville
Madel Vera Ramsey
Jeanette Marie Rea
Ethel Evelyn Reese
*Charles Bertram Reid
Helen Ray Remick
*Arthur Dudley Roberts
Robert Baker Rockwood
Evelyn Ida Rogers
Josephine Rosamond Rollins
Rita Romig
Louise Rowe
Esther Bella Rudginsky
*Hortense Crum Sanders
Dellaine Maria Sandiford
Kathryn Shepherd
Frieda Silverman
Rose Ann Silverman
Marjorie Virginia Simpson
Fred Francis Sinatra
Abraham Smith
Webster Armstrong Smith
Stella Sperber
*Dorothy Jeanne Stearns
Catharine Mary Stevens
Allison Carver Stewart
Wellington Johnstone Stewart
Frederick Ellis Stone
Lawrence Perry Stone
John Edward Sullivan
Paul Winthrop Svenson
Max Swartz
Arthur Sprague Tewksbury, Jr.
Esther Evangelyn Thompson
Marion Josephine Thompson
Roger Elden Titus
Margaret Virginia Tully
*Abraham Solomon Uman
Mary Margaret Verdi
Felix Joseph Vergona
Doris Carolyn Wales
James Bertram Wells
Estella Merriam White
Lester Milton Wile
*Frances Beatrice Zaks
Barney Alfred Zieff

*Honor Pupils.



ROGER TITUS
"Ty"

Class President '26; Social Committee '25, '26; Football '23 (2nd), '24, '25, Capt. '26; School Plays '24, '25; Operettas '24, '25, '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26; Senior Play '26.

DOROTHY DAVIS
"Dot"

Class Vice-Pres. '26; School Play '25; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '25; Echo Board '26; Senior Chorus '26.

LENNA M. PEABODY
"Len"

Class Treasurer.

SARAH BROOKS
"Sally"

Class Secretary '26; A. A. Secretary '26; Social Committee '25; Field Hockey '23 (2nd), '24, Capt. '25, Capt. '26; Tennis '26.

RAYMOND HERBERT
"Ray"

Class Marshal '25, '26; Social Committee '25, '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24; French Club '24, '25; Science Club '24, '25.

RICHARD ABRAMS**"Dick"**

Operetta '26; Debating Society '26;
French Club '26; Science Club '25,
Senior Chorus '26.

DOROTHY ADAMS**"Dot"****PHYLLIS ALTMeyer****"Phyl"**

Assembly Programs '26; Echo
Board '26.

WILLIAM AMES**"Bill"****ELEANOR ARNOLD****"Patsey"**

Operetta '26; Assembly Programs
'23, '24, '26; General Knowledge
Club '23; Senior Chorus '26.

LAURA ATKINSON**"Laurie"**

School Play '24; Operetta '26; As-
sembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26;
Echo Board '26; Debating Team '25;
Debating Club '25, '26; French Club
'24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25,
'26; Gym Exhibition Committee '26;
Senior Chorus '26; English Club '24;
Class Historian '26.

DORIS BAKER**"Dot"**

Latin Club '23, '24, '25.

ERNEST BAKER**"Brud"**

Social Committee '24, '25; Dress
Committee '26; Basketball '24 (2nd),
'25 (2nd), '26; Baseball '24 (2nd),
'25, '26.

NANCY BAKER**"Nan"**

Science Club '24.

ROBERT BALL**"Bob"**

Tennis '26; School Play '25; Sen-
ior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly
Programs '26; Latin Club '23, '24,
'25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.





GLADYS BARCLAY
"Gladie"

CARL BASKIN,
"Euphus"

Track '25; French Club '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

FRANK BAUER
"Ferdie"

Editor-in-chief Echo; School Play '25; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Debating Team '25, '26; Debating Club '24, '25, President '26; French Club '24, '25, Vice Pres. '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25; Science Club '24, '25, Vice Pres. '26.

MARY BECKER
"Becky"

General Knowledge Club '24.

ISABEL BLANDFORD
"Is"

Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '25; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

GEORGE BOYLE
"Greg"

Orchestra '25; French Club '23, '24, '25.

CATHERINE BRADY
"Kay"

MILDRED BRIDGMAN
"Dink"

Class Secretary '24; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '26; French Club (Sec.) '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

WALDO BUCEK
"Farmer"

Basketball Manager '26; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26.

GEORGE BURKE
"Burkie"

Football '24 (2nd); Track '26.

RUTH CANTON**"Ruthie"**

Class Secretary '23, '25; Social Committee '24, '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24; French Club '24; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Spanish Club '25.

THOMAS CARNICELLI**"Gin"**

Dress Committee '26; Football '25, '26; Baseball '24 (2nd), '25, '26; Track '25, '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Senior Chorus '26.

SYLVIA CEDER**"Syl"****CAROLINE CIAMPA****"Carrie"****KENDALL CLARK****"Cake"**

Debating Team '25, '26; Debating Club '25, '26; Science Club '24, '25, '26.

RUTH CLARKE**"Ruthie"****ADELINE CLOUGHERTY****"Ad"**

Debating Club '26; English Club '23, '24.

PAUL CONNOR**"Dutch"**

Football (2nd) '23; Basketball '24, '25, Capt. '26.

ANNA COOK**"Cookie"**

Social Committee '23, '25, '26; Farewell Social Committee '26; Class Day Committee '26; Dress Committee '26; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Echo Board '26; French Club '23, '24, '25, Treas. '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, Senior Consul '26; English Club '24; Senior Chorus '26.

ROBERT COPENHAGEN**"Brutus"**

Debating Club '26; Science Club '26.



**NORMAN CORWIN****"Norm"**

Chairman Class Day Committee '26; Senior Play '26; Echo Board '26; Debating Team '26; Orchestra '26; Debating Club '26; French Club '26; Science Club '26.

**GEORGE CROCKER****"Clay"**

Football '24 (2nd), '25; Track '25, '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '25; Senior Chorus '26.

**OTIS CROCKER****"Dish"**

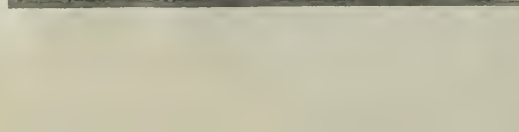
Football '25 (2nd), '26 (2nd); Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '25, '26; Echo Board '26; Science Club '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

**ROBERT CROSSMAN****"Bob"**

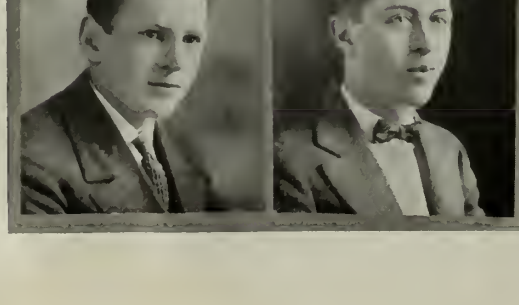
Football '26; Basketball '25, '26; Assembly Programs '25, '26.

**ESTHER CURRAN****"Binkie"**

Science Club '25.

**ALICE DAVENHALL****"Al"****MARTIN DELOREY****"Frog"**

Football '24 (2nd); Baseball '25, Capt. '26.

**JOHN DEVLIN****"Dev"**

Social Committee '23, '24, '25, '26; Farewell Dance '26; Echo Board '26; Debating Team '26; Debating Society '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Science Club '26.

**LESLIE DIMES****"Dimee"**

Science Club Business Manager '25 and '26.

MARGARET DINEEN**"Dintie"**

Dress Committee '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Debating Club, Vice Pres. '26; Spanish Club '24, '25; Science Club '25; Senior Vaudeville '23.

DOROTHY DIXON**"Dot"**

General Knowledge Club '24.

CECILE DONOGHUE**"C"****RALPH FERRAR****"Manny"**

Assembly Programs '23, '24; Orchestra '23; French Club '24, '25, '26; Science Club '25.

EVELYN FINGOLD**"Ev"**

Orchestra '24, '25, '26; Debating Society '26; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '24.

IRENE FISHER**BERNARD FLANNERY**

Chairman Cheering Committee '26.

MINNIE FLEISHMAN

Pres. General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '23, '24; Spanish Club '24; Girls' Debating Club '25, (Pres.) '26; Debating Team '25, '26; Secretary Debating Society '26.

ADA FOLEY**"Spink"**

Social Committee '25, '26; Field Hockey '23, '24, '25, Manager '26; Operetta '26; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Spanish Club '25, '26; Cheer Leader '25, '26; Gym Exhibition Committee '26; Senior Chorus '26.

MADELINE FOPIANO**"Bunny"**

Assembly Programs '23, '25; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '24, '25, '26; Spanish Club '24, '25, '26.



**VIRGINIA FOWLER**

Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

PAUL FRANKLAND

"Dutch"

**MILTON FRIEDENBERG**

"Nippers"

Football '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd); Op-eretta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Head Cheer Leader '26; Senior Chor-us '26.

EVA GARR

"Eve"

Orchestra '24; Debating Club '25, '26; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '24.

**JOHN GILLON**

"Windy"

Science Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Class Day Electrician '26.

GEORGE GLASS

"Gidge"

Baseball '25 (2nd), '26; General Knowledge Club '24.

**LAZARUS GOLDBERG**

"Laz"

Assembly Programs '23, '24; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Science Club '25.

SYDNEY GOLDBERG

"Syd"

Debating Society '26; French Club '26.

**JOSEPH FRASER**

"Joie"

Football '24 (2nd), '25; Baseball '25 (2nd).

STEPHEN GRADY

"Cleo"

Football '23 (2nd), '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd); Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Senior Chorus '26.

JOSEPH GRAY

GWENDOLYN HALL

"Gwennie"

Orchestra '23, '24, '25, '26.

HELEN HALL

VIOLET HANNAFORD

"Vj"

JOHN HARKINS

"Johnnie"

Track '22.

MARGARET HAYES

"I"

STANLEY HEALY

"Buts"

RUTH HERBERT

STELLA HINCHCLIFFE

"Hinchie"

Science Club '24.



**RUTH IRISH****"Rootie"**

Social Committee '23, '24; School Play '24; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Debating Club '25; Senior Chorus '26.

EVANGELINE JENKINS**"Van"**

Social Committee '26; Chairman Dress Committee '26; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23; Orchestra '23; Vice Pres. '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

WALTER JOHNSON**"Wally"****MIRIAM KADUSHIN****"Mimi"**

Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Debating Society '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; English Club '24; Senior Chorus '26.

MARGARET KING**"Peg"**

Field Hockey '23 (2nd), '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd); Debating Club '26.

SARA KLIER**"Say"**

Field Hockey '25 (2nd), '26 (2nd); Assembly Programs '23, '24; Echo Board '26; Debating Team '25, '26; Girls' Debating Club '25, Secretary '26; Debating Society '26; Spanish Club '24; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '23, '24.

MINERVA KRANETZ**"Nervie"**

Spanish Club '24; General Knowledge Club '24.

JAMES LEIGHTON**"Jimmie"**

President A. A. '26; Social Committee '23, '24, '25, '26; Class Day Committee '26; Chairman Gift Committee '26; Dress Committee '26; Football '25 (2nd), '26; Senior Chorus '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Echo Board '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

CHARLES LIBERMAN**"Elias"**

Assembly Programs '23; French Club '24, '25, '26; Science Club '25, '26.

JOHN LOCHHEAD

Echo Board '26; French Club '26; Latin Club '25, '26.

**GUY LOTHROP****"G. Henri"**

Social Committee '24 (chairman), '25, '26; Chairman Dress Committee '26; Baseball '23, '24, Capt. '25, '26; School Play '25; Senior Play '26; Echo Board '25.

BYRON MacKUSICK**"Boulder"**

Salutatorian '26; French Club '24, '25, '26.

RUFUS MADISON**"Duffus"****PAULINE MAHONY****"Polly"**

Latin Club '25, '26.

JOHN MARTIN**"Steve"**

Social Committee '26; Dress Committee '26; Football '25 (2nd); Track '25; School Play '25; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Echo Board '26; Science Club '26; Senior Chorus '26.

HAROLD MAYER**"Har"**

Operetta '26; French Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Science Club '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

GERALDINE McCARTHY**"Jerry"**

French Club '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

DAVID McEWAN**"Dib"**

Assembly Programs '25; Debating Society '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

ISABELLA McFARLANE**"Isabelle"**

French Club '24, '25, '26.

FRANKLYN McNAUGHT**"Red"**

**GUY MELLGREN****"Melvin"**

Social Committee '24; Manager Track '26; Assembly Programs '26; Echo Board '26.

LAURENCE MONAHAN**"Pat"**

Manager Baseball '26; Echo Board '26; Orchestra '23.

HENRY MOORE

Band '26.

FLORENCE MOURAD**"Flo"**

Assembly Programs '26; General Knowledge Club '24; Senior Chorus '26.

BEATRICE NELSON**"Be"**

Assembly Programs '26.

VICTOR NELSON**"Redvick"**

Football '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd), '26; Baseball '25 (2nd), '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Senior Chorus '26.

AGNES NESTOR**"Tillie"**

Field Hockey '25 (2nd), '26 (2nd); Assembly Programs '26; Spanish Club '24; General Knowledge Club '24; Senior Chorus '26.

ARTHUR NICKERSON**"Art"**

Operetta '26; Senior Chorus '26; Assembly Programs '26.

PAUL NORRIS**"Dimples"**

Track '23, '24; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '25, '26; Science Club '23.

DOMINIC PERRONE**"Len"**

Baseball '25 (2nd); Science Club '25, '26.

EVELYN PETERS**"Evvy"**

Assembly Programs '23; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, Jun. Consul '25, '26.

GRACE PIGON**"Gracie"**

Class Day Committee '26; School Play '24; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Debating Club '25, '26; French Club '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Class Historian '26; Senior Chorus '26.

FRIEDA PRANSKY**"Teeny"**

Senior Play '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Orchestra '24, '25, '26; Debating Club '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Science Club '26; General Knowledge Club '26; Senior Vaudeville '23; English Club '24.

VERONICA PREG**"Peggy"**

Operetta '26; French Club '24 '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26; Assembly Programs '26.

LOUIS RACCA

Football '22 (2nd), '23, '24, '25; Basketball '23 (2nd), '26; Track '23, '24.

ESTELLE RAINVILLE**"Stella"**

Dress Committee '26; Field Hockey '25 (2nd), '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25, '26; Echo Board '26; Debating Club '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

MADEL RAMSEY**"May"****JEANETTE REA****"Mox"**

Social Com. '23, '24; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '25, '26; Latin Club '24; Spanish Club '25; Senior Chorus '26.

ETHEL REESE**"Ettie"**

Science Club '23, '24.

CHARLES REID**"Bert"**

**HELEN REMICK****"Evalina"**

Assembly Programs '24; Latin Club '24, '25, '26.

ARTHUR ROBERTS**"Eli"**

Orchestra '23, '24, '25 '26; French Club '24, '25, President '26; Science Club '25, President '26.

ROBERT ROCKWOOD**"Deacon"**

Science Club '26.

EVELYN ROGERS**JOSEPHINE ROLLINS****"Jo"**

Social Committee '26; Farewell Social Committee '26; Class Day Committee '26; Dress Committee '26; Senior Play '26; Assembly Programs '24, '25, '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25; Spanish Club '24, '25, '26.

RITA ROMIG

Field Hockey '22 (2nd); Science Club '24.

LOUISE ROWE**"Lou"**

School Play '25; Senior Play '26; Echo Board '26; Latin Club '24, '25, '26.

ESTHER RUDGINSKY**"Es"**

Debating Club '25, '26; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '24.

HORTENSE SANDERS**"Holly"**

Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

DELLCINE SANDIFORD**"Dell"**

General Knowledge Club '24.

KATHRYN SHEPHERD**"Nepo"**

Social Committee '25; Field Hockey '25, '26; Senior Play '26; Assembly Programs '23; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Spanish Club '25; Farewell Social Committee '26.

FRIEDA SILVERMAN**"Pal"**

Latin Club '23, '24, '25.

ROSE SILVERMAN**"Ro"**

Dress Committee '26; Assembly Programs '23; Debating Team '26; Debating Club '25, '26; General Knowledge Club '24; English Club '24.

MARJORIE SIMPSON**"Ginn"**

French Club '26.

FRED SINATRA**"Freddie"**

Class President '24; Social Committee Chairman '23; Football '25, '26; Basketball '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd); Track '24, '26; Assembly Programs '26; Operetta '26; Senior Chorus '26.

ABRAHAM SMITH**"Rabbit"**

Track '26; Debating Team '26; Debating Society, Vice-Pres. '26; French Club '26.

WEBSTER SMITH**"Webb"**

French Club '24; Latin Club '23.

STELLA SPERBER**"Juney"**

General Knowledge Club '22.

DOROTHY STEARNS**"Dot"**

Class Pianist '23, '24, '25, '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '25, '26; Orchestra '25, '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26; English Club '24.

CATHARINE STEVENS**"K"**

Class Day '26; Senior Play '26; French Club '25, Secretary '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26; English Club '24.



**ALLISON STEWART****"Hod"**

Operetta '26; Assembly Program '26; Echo Board '26; Science Club '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

WELLINGTON STEWART**"Duke"**

Science Club '24, '25, '26; Tennis Team '26.

FREDERICK STONE**"Stonie"**

Football (2nd) '25; Operetta '26; Senior Chorus '26; Echo Board '25, '26; Science Club '25; Tennis Team Player Manager '26.

LAWRENCE STONE**"Stoney"****JOHN SULLIVAN****"Sullie"**

Football (2nd) '26; Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '26; Senior Chorus '26.

MAX SWARTZ

Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

PAUL SVENSON

Football '24 (2nd), '25 (2nd), '26.

ARTHUR TEWKSBURY**"Ba"**

Science Club '24, '25, '26.

ESTHER THOMPSON**MARION THOMPSON**

MARGARET TULLY**"Peggy"**

Field Hockey '25; Senior Play '26; Operetta '26; Orchestra '25; French Club '25, '26; Latin Club '24, '25, '26 (Quaestor); Senior Chorus '26; English Club '24.

ABRAHAM UMAN**"Sol"**

Operetta '26; Orchestra '24, '25, '26; French Club '24, '25, '26; Senior Chorus '26.

MARY VERDI**"Peggy"**

Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '24, '26; Tennis Team '26; Senior Chorus '26.

FELIX VERGONA**"Feller"****DORIS WALES****"Dor"**

Social Committee '23, '24 (Chairman); Operetta '26; Assembly Programs '23, '24, '25; French Club '24, '25, '26; Latin Club '23, '24, '25, '26.

JAMES WELLS**"Twang"**

Science Club '25, Sec. '26.

ESTELLA WHITE**"Stel"****LESTER WILE****"Les"**

Class Vice-President '24; President '25; A. A. Vice-Pres. '25; Social Committee '23; Class Day Committee '26; Gift Committee '26; Basketball '24, Capt. '25, '26; Baseball '25, '26; Track '25; Assembly Program '26; Echo Board '25, Bus. Manager '26.

FRANCES ZAKS**"Fan"**

General Knowledge Club '24.

BARNEY ZIEFF**"Al"**

Operetta '26.



Commencement

CLASS DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9

Program

March—Marines Inspection.....Bennet
High School Orchestra
N. Elliot Willis, Director

Song—Cadets on Parade.....Lowe
Seniors and Juniors

Address of Welcome

Class President—Roger E. Titus

Class Prophecy, "A Midsummer Night's
Scream"

Written by Norman Corwin

Setting by Warren Gillon

Bachelor—Abraham Smith

Voices—Laura Atkinson, Norman Corwin

Song—Forget-Me-NotGiese
Seniors and Juniors

Selection—The Red Mill.....Herbert
Orchestra

"Pepita"—An Operetta of Old Mexico

The Mexican scene on the back drop
painted by John A. Pike, W. H. S. '29.

Class History—

Written by Laura Atkinson and Grace Pigon

Graduation: Laura Atkinson. Freshmen:
Ada Foley, Evangeline Jenkins. Sopho-
mores: Catharine Stevens, Mildred Bridg-
man. Juniors: Dorothy Stearns, Margaret
Tully. Seniors: Grace Pigon, Louise Rowe.

Presentation of Class Gifts—

Class Day Committee

Song—Alma Mater.....Old American Air
Seniors and Juniors

Exit March—With the Colors.....Panella

George H. Dockham—Director of Music

Miss Clara M. Spence—

in charge of Operetta

Dorothy Jeanne Stearns—Accompanist

Class Day Committee

Norman L. Corwin, Chairman; Josephine
R. Rollins, Anna W. Cook, Catharine M.
Stevens, Grace F. Pigon, Lester M. Wile,
James A. Leighton.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the
Senior Class, Juniors:

We have been brought together today to

begin the festivities which mark the pass-
ing of the Class of 1926 from the school
that has guided and sheltered us through
the four happiest years of our life.

We appreciate the fact that so many par-
ents and friends of the Class can be with
us this afternoon, and sincerely hope that at
the conclusion of these exercises you will be
more intimately acquainted with the Class
of 1926, and that you will have learned
something of the friendliness and goodfel-
lowship that exists in it. Remember that
this afternoon everything is in the spirit of
fun only. Please do not take too seriously
anything that is said or done.

On behalf of the Class of 1926 it is my
great pleasure to welcome you, the guests
of the afternoon, to our Class Day exer-
cises.

ROGER E. TITUS.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCREAM

The Bachelor, James.....Abraham Smith

Voices.....Laura Atkinson, Norman Corwin

(The rising of the curtain finds James, a
bachelor whose only joy is his radio, seated
comfortably in a chair at l., reading a news-
paper eagerly under the mellow light of a
floor lamp. A table upon which rests a
large and grotesque radio set is found at
c. r., while a few scattered pieces of fur-
niture complete the furnishings.)

James . . (mumbling) . . . 8:00-9:00—
WOW 957 meters, DX. (Rises
and goes over to set.) Now, for a good
night's entertainment. I don't ever know
what I'd do without my "Herberts-Harkins
Howling Hetrodyne,"—it's my only real
comfort. (Tunes in carefully; squeaks,
howls, etc. . . . Breaking through the
static is a powerful soprano voice which fi-
nally becomes clear as the song is ended.)

Announcer—Station TIN, Detroit, Michi-
gan. You've just been listening to Mme. Fo-
piano, the French opera star singing a se-
lection from Carnicelli's gem, "The Moon-
light Sinatra." Our next number will be a
violin solo by A. Roberts, entitled, "The
Rookies that Hit In the Spring, Tra, La.

Can Never Keep up with the Pace."

James—O ye gods, this is gonna be terrible! I'll try to pick up something else. (Tunes in; gets new station.)

Announcer—This is station H₂O, Rainville, Mass. We have just received word from Svenson's Syncopating Saps, who were to play from this studio tonight, notifying us that Swartz and Sullivan, the two snappy saxophonists, have got chapped lips and cannot make their appearances tonight. We will now broadcast the news-flashes direct from the office of "Bauer's Daily Blah" . . . one moment please . . . Don't get impatient . . . another moment please.

Different Voice—Today's news flashes!—

Washington, D. C., Senator James Leighton today brought suit against Robert Copenhagen, the Dutch ambassador, for assault and battery. Leighton claims that while he was delivering a speech against the Friedenbergs Fish Tariff, Copenhagen hit him in the head with two unsound vegetables, at which act Irene Fisher, supporter of the Fish Tariff, shouted "Bravo"! The Dutch ambassador, however, claims that the vegetables were absolutely sound, for if they were not he must have been gyped by Richard Abrams, the pedlar from whom the vegetables were purchased. Senators H. Mayer, S. Healy, J. Gray, W. Bucek, J. Fraser and president of the Senate, George Boyle, testify that they have never known vegetables to be so foul smelling, and that they really believe that the missiles were poultry products—in fact, witnesses E. Curran, W. Ames, B. Flannery, M. Delorey, F. Vergona and A. Nickerson support that belief.

New York, New York—Scientists L. Dimes and W. Gillon today patented a new and cheap method of obtaining slate for roofs, the plan is to be carried out in conjunction with Kendall Clarke's Coal Co.

Sloppyburg, Ohio—Margaret Tully, chair-lady of the "Cleaner Music" committee today suppressed the "Song of the Vulgar Boatmen" from sale, the E. and N. Baker Co., publishers of the song hit, will fight the move.

Gabbsville, Missouri—Sara Klier of this town today won a twenty-six hour talking marathon, having had to pause but seven times for breath. M. Fleishman, the run-

ner-up, got tongue-tied towards the end and thus lost her chance for victory.

Boston, Mass.—John Lochhead defeated Roger Titus in a wrestling match here this afternoon, 2 falls to 1. Lochhead's head-lock did the trick while Titus's double "Vic-Nelson" was in-effective.

Burlap, Indiana—The United Ash-Collectors' Union banquet was held today at the Hannaford Hotel Ballroom. Among the extinguished guests were John Martin, Grace Pigon, Laura Atkinson, and Dorothy Davis of the "Stage Floor Dissociates," Geraldine McCarthy, Dorothy Dixon, Robert Crossman, Minerva Kranetz, Freida Pransky, Paul Norris, and Helen Remick of the "Consolidated Shoe-makers Incorporation" and Fannie Zaks and Barney Zieff of the celebrated Zinger Zowing Machine Co." The "Ruthless Ramblers" quartette, composed of Ruth Canton, Ruth Herbert, Ruth Clarke and Ruth Cousins, entertained . . . One minute please.

James—I can't bear waiting . . . I'll get something else. (Tunes in . . . Different voice is made distinct.) Voice (ending lecture) . . . "and furthermore, radio listeners, I will say this, . . . give me Liberty . . . or give . . . me any other magazine."

Different Voice—This is station 9, Caribaldi, Illinois. You have just been listening to a talk by W. Stewart of the A. and W. Stewart Co. on "The Heeby-Jeeby Epidemic in Jugo-Slavakia. Cecile Donoghue will now read a bed-time story for the little children who have not yet hit the Hayes.

(The "bach" makes himself comfortable to hear the story.)

Feminine Voice—"Once upon a time, a King, who lived in a Hall made of Rock-wood, Stone and Glass, devised a riddle, the correct answering of which entitled any suitor to the hand of the Fair princess, and conversely, entitled him to a funeral. The riddle was this—"If zero is nothing, what is twice zero?" Now the people of the kingdom of Frankland were very dumb in mathematics, and consequently funerals were very frequent. One day, however, a young suitor by the name of Devlin came along and boldly approached the King, saying, "Ho, King,—do you Ceder Shepherd Baskin' in the sun over there?"

"Over where?" said the King. Stop your

Kadushin, young man, I see nothing of the sort."

"Gee," replied the noble fellow,—“what's going through Uman? Your mind must be Romig. Don't you see what I see?"

"No!" answered the irate king.

"Wells, wait a Wile and you might see it."

"Say,—what's all this got to do with the answer of the two times zero riddle, anyway?"

"Oh, . . . er . . . nothing," stammered the suitor, and, that being the correct answer, he won the fair maiden.

Wasn't that a Wales of a story? Now remember, kiddies, don't be McNaughty! Good night!"

"**Bach**"—Rea, Rea, that was good! Now I'll test the selectivity of my set.

(Tunes in; howls, noises, etc., etc. Some jazz band has just finished playing.)

Announcer—This concludes the program given by Verdi's Voracious Vandals from station OILY, Chelsea, Mass. This is an every day feature of Racca's Radio Hour. The next part of our program will be furnished through the courtesy of the Crocker & Crocker Crockery Co. The E. and M. Thompson twins, eccentric dancers, B. Nelson, and Nestor, clever pantomimers, and A. and W. Smith, the premiere acrobats, will entertain you. "Marjories" Tewksbury and Simpson will illustrate some common errors found by the Davenhall deaf and dumb language shorthand course. R. Madison will first sing a silent song entitled "You Dineen meet me at the Connor after I waited two hours for you."

"**Bach**"—I really do hate silent radio entertainment. I'll pick up something else. (Tunes in; etc., etc.)

What's this? (Hears four or five voices just ending a song.)

Announcer—You have just heard the "Valuable Five" quintette composed of E. Findgold and the Goldbergs, L. and S. and the Silvermans, F. and R. sing Estella White's "Washing Song," from LUX. We will now transfer you to the stage of the Rudginsky Repertory Theatre, where you will hear the first act of D. Perrone's latest opera "Wigiletto."

The following is a synopsis of the first act: After the orchestra, which, by the way, is under the direction of Dorothy Stearns, finishes the overture, the curtain

risers on a quiet stage, the scenery of which suggests the rustic atmosphere of a football game. The orchestra plays a soft, sweet tomato obligato with a slight diminuendo crescendo andante spaghetti movement as the chorus of football players, which includes George Burke, Ralph Ferrar, Steve Grady, Charles Liberman and Henry Moore, dance in upon the scene—amidst the exultant singing of the spectators. The chorus of pretty co-eds (composes of the Misses Adams, Mourad, Altmeyer, Arnold, Becker, Barclay, Clougherty, Hinchcliffe, Ciampa, Jenkins and Garr, form in the stands, and the first ball is thrown out by Walter Johnson. But here the plot thickens . . . David McEwan as Ali-oop, the cruel villain, loads the ball with dynamite and L. Monahan, as Ignatz, the hero, is just about to kick a punt, when he is seized with a fit of dropsy, dropping the ball on the soft grass.

While this is happening, however,—

Bach—Aw, who wants to hear this opera stuff anyway? (Tunes out and gets new station.)

Announcer—Station WOW . . . The next number on the program furnished by the Mahony Baloney Co. will be a soprano solo,—“A Hebrew Folk Song,” by McFarlane,—sung by Madel Ramsey with Hortense Sanders at the piano.

Bach—Ugh! I hate sopranos. (Tunes away . . . gets new station.)

Announcer—Station BLA, Axelgrease, Utah. Dr. Guy Waldemar Mellgren, Junior, M.D., P.H.D., I.O.U., B.V.D., will now answer health queries submitted by the members of the radio audience,—Dr. Mellgren . . .

Different Voice—Good evening, Folks . . . Here is a letter from Stella Sperber of Winthrop-on-the-sea. She writes—Dear Doctor: My five year old brother today swallowed a silver dollar, and we are all frantic about it. What would you suggest doing?

Well, Miss Sperber, I would advise you to get the silver dollar exchanged for a paper dollar because of the fact that the latter is much easier to digest.

Here is one from Miss E. Rogers of Broolska, Wyoming—Dear Dr. Mellgren: My uncle Ambrosio has a very peculiar habit of picking his teeth in public. How can I cure him of the habit?

I should say, Miss Rogers, that a solution of potassium cyanide or bi-chloride of mercury, would easily end him of this habit. Let him take it once before going to bed.

Bach—I must get something good. (Tunes in)

Announcer—Station YAP, the Rollins-Rowe Stores, Philadelphia. We are announcing a huge sale tomorrow. Among the article to be sold at half price are: in the miscellaneous department—Cook's Cookies, Peter's Chocolates, Sandiford's Sandwiches, Irish confetti, and Reese's cheese. In the book department,—“The Smart Set,” by Fowler, Blandford and Preg, “Ping-Pong and Tiddleywinks as the National Sports,” by Guy Lothrop, “The Stevedore,” by Stevens, “Out of the West,” by Sahara Brooks, “Out of the Yeast,” by D. Baker, “The Brake-man,” by Bridgman, “Parnassus on Heels,” by C. Brady, Foley's “Folio,” and Reid's Rhetorical Readings.”

One moment please . . . You will now listen to a contralto solo . . . “Rolling down to Rio,” . . . by “Bob” Ball.

Bach—Ah, Good!

(The song begins to come over but one of the tubes burst with a resounding “pop” and the curtain drops on the bachelor.)

THE END

Written by NORMAN L. CORWIN.

Stage Settings by JOHN W. GILLON.

CLASS HISTORY

Graduation—“Well, my friends, the time has at last arrived when we must assemble to review the events, successful or otherwise, of the inimitable, incomparable, but far from inanimate class of '26. Ah! dear comrades, to be sure, what a class this has been—first in honors, first in school activities, and first in the hearts of our “beloved teachers”! This last statement is merely taken for granted, but may we not be excused, since we know we have lived up to the prophecy of the gone but not forgotten class of '24—that it would be a glorious and successful class which would graduate in '26? Yes, friends, I consider that we have done a wise thing in having one last meeting, before we disband, and 1926 becomes nothing but a pleasant memory. Let us consider: first, naturally, came that un-

inspiring year of greenness, ignorance and insignificance—how long ago it seems! I am scarcely able to remember. Possibly the youngest members of our group will refresh our memory! How about it, my little Frosh?

First Freshman—“Gee, about all I can remember is the swelled up feeling I had when Mr. Clarke told us we were young ladies and gentlemen now—being akshully in High School! (Tee! Hee!) I thought I was the whole cheese, until I came out of my trance to ask those high-brow Seniors how to get to room 13 or 32—and saw 'em gaze right over my head as if I wasn't there at all!”

Second Freshman—“Ya, weren't they the cats, tho! With their hair all done up an' their skirts trailing on the ground. I used to look around at the freckled, skinny little shrimps in short pants; and then at the Senior ‘gentlemen’ and wonder if we'd ever grow up. Gee, it seemed as if the four long years ahead would never end.”

First Freshman—“And I remember how we all came in with nice shiny new bags the first day. I used to wonder why the Seniors carried such banged up looking things—sort of wrecked their dignity, you know. (Tee! Hee!) I got so sick of being called ‘Freshie,’ and ‘Greenie’ that I almost forgot to respect my upper classmen as I should have. (Tee! Hee!)”

Second Freshman—“And the end of a perfect year was that social. Maybe we weren't proud of our first honest-to-goodness dance! Our new patent leather slippers weren't new any more when those young sticks got through tramping over them. But, remember, we had a good time. And,—remember?—we could hardly wait to get out of that awful state of being the youngest and dumbest in school.

Graduation—“We were rather an unsophisticated crowd, weren't we? However, most of us got safely launched on the lazy sea of sophomore apathy—Would it be arousing you too much, my dear sophs, to exercise your memory in telling us something about that year?”

Sophomores (together) yawn—“We'd be delighted—It certainly was . . .”

First Sophomore—“As long as you're so insistent upon taking the floor—go to it. I'm going back to sleep!”

Second Sophomore—"No, you tell them. I want to sleep."

First Sophomore—"You would! Well now, let me see—Ah yes, well do I recall during one of my conscious moments in the first part of the year, the exhilarating feeling I experienced when I realized my superiority to those insignificant freshman! How we sophomores did grow! It seemed, indeed as if we towered above the almighty Seniors! However, 'tis not to be wondered at, since humans are said to grow while asleep, and it seemed as if I was awake only two or three times that year—and the boys! ! I think they slept mostly on their feet, from the size of them. I recall once, during that memorable play, "Three Live Ghosts"—but I'm tired—You describe it—"

Second Sophomore—"Ho-hum let me concentrate. It seems to me the Sophomore class was well represented. Mr. Clarke congratulated us on our large representation. And the play—Oh yes! you said it! Such superb acting—ideal love-making—gorgeous, realistic. I could go on, and on, and on—"

First Sophomore—"I've just had another thought! Do you know that year was just full of fads! I don't see how so many fads originated among such a sleepy crowd—Why! Everyone was running up and down the corridors with silly looking little round caps perched on top of their heads . . . and girls were autographing their middy collars and wearing the most barbarous looking ear rings! And those boys! With little fluffy lacy handkerchiefs sticking out of their pockets—Wasn't it killing?"

Second Sophomore—"Don't be quite so peppy, my dear. It's catching. I'm beginning to feel almost awake. And the social that year—with its Dutch trimmings and little windmills at each end of the gym. And the souvenirs! I have mine yet."

First Sophomore—"Ah yes! It was some social! It took my feet two weeks to recover from being stepped upon by those of the masculine element—but then—it capped the climax of a delightfully drowsy and irresponsible year, didn't it?"

Graduation—"It surely did, my friends; In spite of the fact that Morpheus made it the traditional Sophomore year—it was a well spent one, at that. And now my dear

Juniors, what are you able to contribute to our review?"

First Junior—"Well, I think the first sensation of any note I experienced was in the first assembly of the year, when it was impressed upon me that I was then an upper classman and was expected to begin to behave sensibly. I realized then how brainlessly and irresponsibly I had pranced through two long years, and that if I had any desire to graduate, I would have to eat the books, so to speak. My near relationship to the Seniors made the silly conduct of the Sophomores and Freshies unbearable, and it seemed impossible that I had actually passed through such stages. I began to want to do and accomplish things—How about you, my dear?"

Second Junior—"Yes, I'm sure all we Juniors were imbued with the same spirit, and we did have a successful year, didn't we? Wasn't our clever crossword puzzle social the talk of the season? Weren't we congratulated on all sides about our wonderful play 'Under Cover.' We were also well represented on our noted debating team. Why, even at Miss Key's gym exhibition the Junior girls carried off all the honors."

Graduation—"Yes, Juniors, without a doubt, you outdid yourselves to a marked degree—but now for a few words from our sophisticated, almighty, all knowing Seniors!—Seniors, you have the floor—"

First Senior—"Well, so many interesting things have happened this year that I hardly know where to commence. In the first place, of course we were Seniors—and that's saying a lot! The four years that seemed so long when we first entered the then imposing, now familiar, building, have flown on the light-hearted wings of good times. Before we knew it clubs had been organized,—Debating, Science, French, Latin and many others. I was never so interested in football as I was this year. What a wonderful team we had!—It came nearer to winning the championship than any other year's team has. Our basketball team was a winner, too."

Second Senior—"By the way, have you noticed what a class of dieticians it seemed to have been? That is—for the girls' part. And Bridge playing was quite in evidence, too. Our December social was quite an

event! Wasn't the floor just crowded with merry-makers? Oh, yes! (sarcasm)—Can we omit a word of praise for our faithful orchestra and the excellent work it has produced? Our class surely did its bit toward making it the last word in High School Orchestras."

First Senior—"Oh! but our play—"The Charm School"! Everybody pronounced it the best performance ever put on. Well, of course;—look what class gave it! Speaking of dramatics reminds me of the superb operetta this year. The scenery and costumes, acting, and singing certainly made it a howling success.—**Mostly** howling. It makes you feel like singing just to think of it! (All sing.) I've had a wonderful year. I think the Seniors usually do anyway—don't you?"

Second Senior—"Oh, yes! You see, they know that soon they'll be either dignified college students or dignified business people, and they want to make the most of the carefree life while it lasts. It seems impossible that I'm really leaving High School! I've wondered for so long what it would be like to be saying 'good-bye' to it all, that now that the time has come, it seems like a bad dream from which I shall presently waken—But, then—it is true, and there's no getting around the fact. So all I can do is to leave in a cheerful spirit and hope that each member of our class will have a bright and jolly future."

Graduation—"Well done, good Seniors. You have described the noble heights of a memorable and noteworthy class. And now just a few words in closing—

Friends, wherever you may go—
With whomever you may mix—
Don't forget—a few kind thoughts
For the class of twenty-six."

Written by

GRACE PIGON,
LAURA ATKINSON.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

March—Marines Inspection.....Bennett
Overture—Sunshine and Showers.....Flath
High School Orchestra
N. Elliot Willis, Director
Invocation.....Rev. Ralph M. Harper
Chorus—Song of the Flag
Chorus

Salutatory—Byron Le Roy MacKusick
Modern Poetry—Isabel Selina Blandford
InvictusHuben
Senior Glee Club
Reading—Wednesday Madness.....Tarkington
Anna Whitman Cook
Violin Solo—Hungarian Dance.....Kassmayer
Arthur Dudley Roberts
Sing! Sing! Birds on the Wing.....Nutting
Chorus
Prohibition
Frank Ferdinand Bauer, Jr.
Alumnus Football.....Grantland Rice
James Ambrose Leighton
Valedictory—Teaching
Virginia Minot Fowler
Presentation of Class Gift
Roger Elden Titus, Pres. of Senior Class
Acceptance
Justin Layre Rex, Pres. of Junior Class
Award of Prizes—
Quest & Question Club Founders' Educational Prize
Winthrop Woman's Club Prize
The Bentley Swift Memorial Cup Prize
Winthrop B. P. O. E. General Excellence Prize
S. A. R. Washington and Franklin Medal
Deane Winthrop Chapter D. A. R. Prize
Winthrop Catholic Woman's Club Prize
Typewriting Proficiency Prize
Sundown—Londonderry Air
Senior Glee Club
Conferring of Diplomas
Charles A. Williams, Member of School Committee
Star Spangled Banner
Audience, Orchestra, Chorus
March—Lights OutMcCoy
Orchestra
Chorus numbers under direction of George
H. Dockham, Supervisor of Music.
Dorothy Jeanne Stearns, Accompanist.

SALUTATORY

Members of the Faculty, Parents, Friends,

On this day, we, the class of nineteen hundred twenty-six receive the long-coveted prize for which we have been striving during the past four years. Although we do not realize it as yet, these years have been the happiest in our lives, and as time rolls on, we shall learn to appreciate them more fully.

We deeply regret leaving our Alma Mater

on this day, for it is our home, and whether we go to continue our education in college or to enter the activities of the business world, we shall never be among truer friends nor have more devoted teachers.

Many of us who are gathered here consider that we have now completed our education, but in reality we are just beginning it. We go forth today into the great school of life, where our teacher is experience. We no longer have a loving hand to guide us, but take our destinies for the first time in our own hands. We are filled with dreams, hopes and ambitions, which we fondly hope to realize, but we must inevitably come upon obstacles and difficulties in our path which we, and we alone, must surmount. The knowledge that you will give us your advice and guidance in the future, as you have done in the past, will greatly help us to overcome those difficulties, and give us greater confidence for the step which we are about to take.

We, the class of nineteen hundred twenty-six, most heartily welcome all who are gathered here on this day, and hope that these exercises will remain in your minds as a pleasant memory of the class of '26.

BYRON L. MacKUSICK.

MODERN POETRY

From the beginning of time man has expressed his natural instinct for beauty and harmony in the creation of art, and among the earliest of great arts was poetry. The development of poetry has kept pace with the progress of the world, and the tendency has always been toward a broader and freer field of thought and expression, leaving more and more room for individuality and variety, until the urge for freedom in all aspects of life has resulted in the modern era.

The modern period is the very spirit of progress, novelty, experiment, keenness of perception, and power; and poetry, always a medium of expression of the spirit of life, contains the same characteristics. The wide range of subject matter and variety in treatment of subjects, the breaking away from the conventional forms begun in the past period, have continued and increased. The poetry of the present time cannot be divided into types as it once could. It is

undoubtedly lyrical, for the most part, but it contains qualities of other of the old types mingled and blended into something new and different. The narrative and descriptive are interwoven with the figurative and imaginative. Like all modern literature, poetry is affected by realism, an effort to express the truth about life. Many writers of not so long ago would turn over in their graves and sigh for the traditions they strove to maintain, could they know the subjects chosen by modern writers, subjects far from poetical yet treated in such a way as to be of the utmost beauty and appeal. Damp, cold, disagreeable fog is certainly unromantic; yet who can resist the appeal of Carl Sandburg's charming little picture so vividly painted in "Fog":

"The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on."

Common, everyday things, everyday scenery, everyday events are painted for us in a different light, shown to us from an angle we never thought of before. Roof-tops, just ugly, grimy, city roof-tops, Charles Hanson Towne has made into a poem to make us think—a very realistic yet poetic poem:

"City Roofs"

Roof-tops, roof-tops, what do you cover?

Sad folk, bad folk, and many a glowing lover;

Wise people, simple people, children of despair—

Roof-tops, roof-tops, hiding pain and care.

* * * * *

Roof-tops, roof-tops, this is what I wonder:

You are thick as poisonous plants, thick the people under;

Yet roofless, and homeless, and shelterless they roam,

The driftwood of the town who have no roof-top, and no home!"

Things we never fully appreciate are called to our attention; the most beautiful things of life are pictured for us in glowing words unparalleled for fantastic and artistic imagination. Trees have been a fav-

orite subject among modern poets and we see them in a variety of aspects. Everyone is familiar with Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"; as a contrast we have one of those charming "Irradiations" by John Gould Fletcher, in which the trees are compared to elephants under the sun of India, a most fantastic but beautiful suggestion:

"The trees like great jade elephants,
Chained, stamp and shake 'neath the gad-
flies of the breeze;
The trees lunge and plunge, unruly ele-
phants;
The clouds are their crimson howdah-can-
opies.
The sunlight glints like the golden robe
of a Shah.
Would I were tossed on the wrinkled backs
of those trees."

Does a barrel-organ on the street sug-
gest as much to the ordinary mind as to
Alfred Noyes? After reading his poem do
we not feel more kindly toward that nerve-
racking machine? Where among the older
poets do we find the genuine pathos of
Thomas A. Daly's poems of the Italian im-
migrants, such as "Een Napoli" and "Da
Leetla Boy?"

All poetry depends upon rhythm. Even
free verse must have it, not evident, per-
haps, but underlying it all; spiritual rhythm
rather than sensuous. Rhyming scheme is
of little importance; the poet may choose
or invent anything to suit his fancy. Pat-
tern naturally takes shape according to the
spirit of the writer and the thought in the
poem.

Free verse is a subject that might be dis-
cussed at great length. Opinion varies;
some like it; others cannot see that it is
true poetry. Perhaps according to the old
and established theories of poetry it is not;
but if one is liberal-minded one can see it
as an art in itself, an art in the formative
stage, with great possibilities. However, it
is very new, it has no precedent, and its
future cannot be predicted. After all, is
there not poetry in the expression of beau-
tiful thoughts in vivid and picturesque
words whether or not those words are
grouped in rhyming lines?

Of course the modern poet is not en-
tirely a product of this generation. He is
a development of all who preceded him,

just as modern poetry is an outgrowth of
the poetry of the past. Shelley had the
same inspiration and insight—a man hardly
earthly, who seems to have soared among
the clouds and poured forth sheer music
like the skylark he wrote of.

Among the many contemporary poets a
few names stand out, well-known to even
the most casual reader. Rudyard Kipling
is loved by everyone. Alfred Noyes with
his power of portraying the picturesque and
romantic, and John Masefield with his love
of the sea imparted to the reader through
his poems, are favorites. Joyce Kilmer
has reached the height of art in his famous
"Trees" and in "A Prayer of a Soldier in
France." Vachel Lindsay has a superb im-
agination and responsiveness to nature—
one has only to read "An Indian Summer
Day on the Prairies" to feel it. Pages could
be filled with the names of poets and their
most charming creations; these are only
representative.

What is poetry? What is that indefinable
quality that changes prosaic English
words into ecstatic melody? How better
describe it than by poetry itself?

"Talking to people in well-ordered ways is
prose,

And talking to them in well-ordered ways or
in disordered outbreak may be poetry.
But talking to yourself, out on a country
road, no houses and no hedges to con-
ceal a listener,

Only yourself and heaven and the trees and
a wind and a linnet;

Talking to yourself in those long breaths
that sing or hum or whistle fullness of
the heart.

Or the short breaths,

Beats of the heart,

Whether it be of sadness or a haystack,

Mirth or the smell of the sea,

A cloud or luck or love,

Any of these or none—

Is poetry."

ISABEL BLANDFORD.

PROHIBITION

The question of prohibition is still an ur-
gent one. In 1920 the national prohibition
amendment went into effect. Now, in 1926,
there is talk of repealing that amendment.
Colleges are debating the subject, and Con-

gress has recently renewed her debates. Newspaper ballots give evidence of a large and strong anti-prohibitionist faction. People are openly taking a definite stand against prohibition. So it is necessary to remain alert.

Before the national prohibition amendment went into effect, there was in every large city a saloon on practically every important corner. These shops did a thriving business. The hinges on the swinging doors seldom had a rest. Men entered on steady feet and came out staggering. Many of the customers were team drivers who, after partaking of intoxicants, would come out and work off the stimulating effects in beating their innocent horses; or else they would forget their teams and duties and wander staggeringly up the street to find a patch of grass on which to sleep off the effect. Fathers in their mad desire for liquor often forgot that they had a home and dependents. This description is mild. The saloon was a dreadful evil. It caused a detestable environment. It was a snare to the weak man. But now it is gone. Prohibition rid us forever of that great evil, and what a blessing that riddance is!

The anti-prohibitionist often resorts to the argument that the eighteenth amendment is an infringement upon his personal liberty. He cannot seem to understand that old maxim, "liberty is not license," and he forgets that the general welfare always comes first. Compare liquor with opium. If it is an infringement upon one's liberty to prevent him from drinking an intoxicant, why isn't it an infringement upon one's liberty to prevent him from smoking an intoxicant? The anti-prohibitionist has been heard to say that national prohibition was "put over" suddenly, but by analysis we see that it was voted over fairly and only after careful consideration. Forty-six states ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. Contrary to all precedent, a limitation of seven years was put upon the time within which the Eighteenth Amendment might be ratified. Time actually required for the first thirty-six states—one year and twenty-eight days! !

It cannot be denied that prohibition has done much good. It has rid us of the saloon. Statistics show many other advantages.

With prohibition there came evils. The pocket-flask and the bootlegger are new

difficulties to meet. But, are these evils caused by prohibition or the failure to enforce prohibition? It is easy to answer that simple but vital question. The new evils are due to the lack of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Perhaps the anti-prohibitionist will declare that it can't be enforced. He is wrong. It can be enforced—not in one year, not in two years, not in six years perhaps; but it can be enforced. It merely needs the hearty co-operation of the public—you and I. Compare the liquor question with the slavery question. It took over one hundred years for the American people to realize that slavery was wrong. It was a step in the path of progress when they did realize that it was wrong. So with the liquor question—it is a step in the path of progress. It isn't quite ripe yet and will not be until it is enforced; so it must be instilled into the coming generation that prohibition is a progressive step, and that it must be enforced. May we, the class of 1926, recognize prohibition as a fine thing, worthy of our support. The ideal prohibition will be the prohibition that is enforced; but let us not slow up the wheel of progress by repealing this beneficial, national law.

FRANK F. BAUER, JR.

VALEDICTORY

Classmates:

We are gathered together tonight to observe a great turning point in our lives. For four happy and profitable years we have worked and played together. We have formed lasting friendships, and have learned lessons of loyalty and honesty which will be of inestimable value in the new life upon which we are about to enter. We owe endless gratitude to our principal and our teachers for the assistance and advice so cheerfully rendered in preparing us to assume new and greater responsibility. We should not feel disheartened in leaving the school which has sheltered us, but rather consider that we have attained a victory for which we have long striven. It is the first step upward on the ladder of success. The opportunities which lie before us are unlimited; but may we always remember that it matters not so much whether we win, or whether we lose in Life's conflicts, as with what spirit we go forward to meet

them. Let us each, in the years which are to come, endeavor to make the class of '26 forever the pride and glory of Winthrop High!

VIRGINIA FOWLER.

TEACHING

Teaching is a field for action wherein lie unlimited possibilities. Its scope is so wide and so vast that it reaches into the life of every one. Teaching is a part of life. We are all teachers. We all, to some degree, influence and control the deeds and conduct of other people. Likewise we are all pupils. There is no one who is not constantly learning something more of life. True genius is merely the state of being teachable. Thomas A. Edison would know nothing of electricity had he not allowed electricity to teach him. Jesus said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot see the kingdom of Heaven." Thus we behold the great school of Life in which we are all teachers and, at the same time, all students under the guidance of that supreme teacher, Nature.

Many persons have chosen teaching as their particular life work, their profession. Among these are numbered not only school teachers, but ministers, missionaries, and all who are fathers or mothers. These people feel that they have something to give, some knowledge to impart, and devote their lives to this work. Theirs is a noble task. Their responsibility is great.

Let us consider the importance of the school teacher's mission. Children are sent to her like empty cups which are to be filled. It is the teacher's duty to help fill them up. (Of course the parents should co-operate with the teacher and fill the major portion of each cup. In too many cases this is not done.) The teacher pours into the cups book-knowledge. This is her first duty. Her second duty, however, is equally important. The teacher should show her pupils the difference between right and wrong, and inspire them with the earnest desire to do right. The teacher has much to do with forming the characters and ideals of the boys and girls who will be the men and women of tomorrow.

By far the most critical age in the life of the youth of today is that period commonly known as the later 'teens or the high

school age. Before this time the child obeys his parents and teachers without fully comprehending why he does so. When he grows older, however, the young man or woman demands a reason. It is at this time that he or she is most tempted to be lead astray. It is, therefore, at this period that the influence of the teacher, in co-operation with that of the parents, should be very great. The teacher should be not only a drillmaster, but a helper and a friend.

Why does this responsibility rest with the teacher? Because it is with the teacher that the pupil is in daily contact. It is the example set by the teacher which exerts so great an influence over the lives of her pupils. The attitude of the teacher is reflected in the minds of the students. If a teacher is indifferent and only half interested in her work, there is sure to be a decided lack of interest on the part of the class. If, on the other hand, the teacher is cheerful and enthusiastic, there is an enthusiasm and zeal reflected in the pupils, together with greater willingness to work and greater efficiency. A teacher may be compared to a human magnet. There is an invisible power which reaches out and attracts the pupils to her. All unconsciously the pupil turns toward his teacher for guidance.

We are not such separate and distinct individuals as we suppose. Our "Selves" are our spirits and our spirits are in no way confined to our bodies. They may go forth and enter into the lives of others. Even as the wind blows a seed from a plant, and, from the place where that seed falls, a beautiful flower grows up, so we may radiate gifts of Self, which enter the Life of some other person, and become a power of beauty in that other Life. Thus does the teacher influence her pupils.

The ideal happening would be a complete transformation of the Life receiving the gift of Self. This, however, does not often come about. There are many obstacles to be encountered by the teacher, the giver of Self. In order to be successful in her undertaking, she must win the respect and the confidence of her pupils. This is in itself a difficult task. There are many different personalities to be met, and all of these cannot be approached in the self-same manner. Then too, in many cases,

there is no co-operation in the home. The teacher alone can accomplish almost nothing when the parents do not encourage respect and obedience for her. What a happy day it will be when every mother and father realizes his or her personal duty in connection with the school!

Bearing in mind the supremely important duty of the teacher, and the difficulties which she must overcome, we can form some conception of the ideal teacher. She is one who fully realizes the importance of her mission; who, besides being master of her subject, is truly inspired by her work; who stoops to the pupil's level in order to raise him to a higher one; and who commands the respect and confidence of her pupils. The ideal teacher is one who is patient and untiring; who is firm, but just; who is always ready to give help, praise, and encouragement, when it is deserved; and who has a good influence on all with whom she comes in contact. This is the ideal professional teacher.

The one who came nearest to being the ideal teacher is, in my opinion, Miss Ayres, who just before Christmas completed her earthly duties among us. In her were all the qualities requisite for the ideal teacher. She not only was master of her subject, but she had the faculty for stimulating her pupils' interest. She was always cheerful and patient, ready at all times to help and to encourage. She was teachable, constantly studying in order to keep pace with her profession. She was a human magnet,—a powerful magnet since she attracted pupils toward her even against their own will. These, after leaving school, felt her influence and the good she had done them, and never failed to express their appreciation. Miss Ayres gave gifts of Self. The philosopher Bergson said, "A body is present wherever its influence is felt." Miss Ayres' influence will always be felt by her pupils; her gifts of Self are imperishable. She is among us still, no longer as a teacher of Latin, but as a teacher of courage, patience, hope, and faith. Was she not truly the ideal teacher?

Whether we are teachers by profession or not, we can all endeavor to acquire the qualities so essential to a successful teacher. No matter what our work may be, we

can try to become more proficient in it, and to appreciate its importance. With business associates, friends, and members of the family, we can be patient, untiring, firm, just, helpful, and cheerful and by so doing command their respect and confidence. We can all be a kind of magnet, and draw other persons to ourselves. We can all give gifts of Self. We can all strive to do some good in the world, and thus to be a sort of teacher.

Those who have adopted teaching as their life work, and are successful in it, may well be proud of their choice. Theirs is a life of constant self-giving—a life of helpfulness and service. Those must be of the highest type of men and women who have been chosen for this great mission of moulding the characters of boys and girls in whose hands will sometime rest the control of the nation. Surely teaching is the noblest of professions!

VIRGINIA FOWLER.

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT

Mr. Clarke, Members of the School Committee, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Each year it has been the custom of the graduating class to present a gift to the school. After much thought and deliberation the class of 1926 has decided to make a new venture. In other years the gift has been some appropriate bit of furniture or ornamentation for the school. This year the class is going to start a fund to assist in meeting the expenses incurred through injuries to those participating in athletics. This fund has been placed in the hands of our principal, Mr. Clarke.

Other activities are contemplated for the enlargement of this fund, and it is hoped that it will meet with the approval of the school in general and of the parents in particular. We trust that other classes will follow the example of the class of 1926 and increase the fund.

At this time it is my great pleasure on the behalf of the Class of 1926 to present this check for \$100.00 to the Winthrop High School.

ROGER E. TITUS.

THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE CLASS GIFT

Mr. Clarke, Members of the School Committee, President and Members of the Graduating Class, Parents, and Friends:

As representative of the undergraduate body of Winthrop High School, I wish to thank the "Class of 1926" for their most valuable gift. The Senior Class has exercised the greatest wisdom in choosing a gift

and I am sure that whenever this fund, which is established as their gift, is mentioned or even thought of, the "Class of 1926" will be gratefully associated with it.

It is indeed a great pleasure, as President of the Junior Class, to accept, in behalf of the school, this most unusual gift and to wish the members of the graduating class success and happiness in future years.

JUSTIN REX '27.

Those Juniors

Marjorie Barkley—"I did the things I shouldn't and didn't the things I should."

Bernice Bruce—"Her cogitative faculties immersed incogibundity of cogitation."

Matilda Cohen—"Tilly" adores Latin—and answers one in an "et tu Brute" tone, when asked if she has prepared her work.

Julia Fogel—"Oh, would some gift the giftie gie us—To see ourselves as others see us."

Sarah Cohen—The timid little girl, who seems to consider a recitation a "necessary evil."

Margaret Dunn—Rumor has it that Peggy is going to be a famous pianist some day, "Why hide your light under a bushel?"

Mary Grace—We wonder if it's a case of "Still waters run deep."

Margaret Grady—Margaret seems to be not of this world at least not during classes.

Ruth Greenfield—Ask Ruth how both of them fell for her—she knows other cute ones too, N'est-cè pas Ruthie?

Mary Macken—"A woman is known by the secrets she keeps"—and Mary just won't tell us whether it's true or—

Hildegard Goranson—The little girl with the big name.

"Liz" Magee—"The funniest thing about a girl is her sense of humor."

Anna Marden—We are curious to know why "Annabelle" attends all the Chelsea games.

James Whipple—Jimmy: "Mais, oui, certainement, je parle francais."

Frances McCann—Place Latin—Frannie: "Of course I prepared the lesson, but I don't seem to remember this part."

Miriam Ceder—Miriam always manages to "get by."

Mary Corinha—Our eloquent class orator.
Margaret Forristall—"Sweet and petite."

Caroline McNaught—Caroline recites every day: "Well—er. I don't know!"

Ethel Piken—Ethel just loves English!

Evelyn Rosenberg—Our dark eyed Susan.

Sophie Lundy—Why do we have to stand, to recite?

Johanna Gilman—A little louder, Jo!

Virginia Day—Are those bad boys teasing you again?

Marian Henry—"Red as a rose" are her cheeks.

Beatrice Gewirtz—Do you sting, Bee?

Jeanie Ballou—We hear that Jeanie is Isabelle Hurley's rival in typewriting. Is that true, Jeanie?

Edith Beck—Will wonders never cease?

Annie Branz—These two have really failed to talk today in class.

Grace Brown—Grace may be small, but she is a great help to Room 7.

Fred Cronenwett—Thanks for the buggy ride, "Super!"

Helene Ezekiel—Helene has become quite trained when it comes to selling lunch checks.

Valleda Guidi—The famous junior rival of "Dot" Stearns, senior pianist.

Madeline Halford—I suppose Clayton is an artist when it comes to paddling Madeline home.

"Winnie" Maclean—It is evidently seen that "Winnie" believes a "Silent tongue is in a wise head."

Alice Moriarty—We can't say much about Alice except that she's a good sport.

Gertrude Murphy—Gert may be bashful but oh my when she is angry beware! ! !

Evelyn Mitten, Madeline Mitten—Stalling

—their favorite pastimes. "Please repeat, I didn't hear the question."

Mary Philips—Mary's father must be a radio announcer for May broadcasts quite a bit too.

John Campbell—Some day John will get really angry at being unduly awakened and will burst forth in, "Don't wake me up, let me dream."

Sylvia Scantlebury—Sylvia may be small but her name helps to make up for it.

Lillian Stone—Oh, dear, Lillian, will you ever get a question straight?

Isabelle Hurley—We hear that you are quite a typist, Is.

Lincoln Von Betzen—What do pronouns and prepositions mean in Lincoln's young life?

Emily Witham—Emily's the girl who could easily compete with Webster in giving long words.

John Bradley—The blackboard in Room 14 has a peculiar fascination for John—I wonder why.

Steven Cogswell—Our silent aristocrat.

Franklin Crosby—The obliging small boy who is loved by all. Oh, yes.

Alfred Fenton says—"Spare the rod and spoil the hairbrush."

George Goldberg—An epigram is that which no one can understand.

Winthrop Lyons—Our sheik in a lion's Skin.

Muriel Lenth says that charity covers a multitude of sins, but curiosity uncovers many more.

Elizabeth Polson—Ode by Betty—Ten cents.

George Webster says that if you want to tell the teachers where to get off, be a conductor on the Narrow Gauge.

Justin Rex demands an answer to this conundrum, "Who is the best looking fellow in the class, and why am I?"

Marie Treanor—Does Marie love to snap her fingers?

Alice Belyea—Alice is quiet, but it's a relief—in comparison with the rest of the class.

Francis Mulloney—And rushing in upon the leopard, I shot him on the spot.

Frank Amadon—Our little motorcycle expert.

Howard Bartlett—"Seed" is our coming champ miler.

Richard Brock—Sound asleep! Answers to the name of "Galloping Morpheus."

Howard Cotton is a radio wizard but is always "tuned off" in class.

Harry Chase—Are you really there, Harry? You're so noisy (?)

Wilfred Creighton wants to know if there really is a Santa Claus.

"Alex" Davison—The little boy with the correct answer.

Saul Foster—Young Innocence. "I wasn't talkin'."

Louis Goldman—Ever get called down "Goldie?"

Harold Greenfield—The walking dictionary is always on hand with an argument.

Frank Holbrook—Is it necessary to wiggle your ears, Holbrook?

John Holmes—Sticks to the bus when he goes to Quincy now.

Albert Jenkins is a track champ. He admits (?) it.

Allen Jones, Allison Johonnot and John O'Toole—"The Silent (?) Trio."

Gladys Lavoie—A quiet little lass but always on hand with an answer.

"Jawn Paul" McCarthy always looks up in time to get caught.

Walter Lauritzen—The sheik of the Lauritzen Home.

Ida Leibovitz—Society always arrives late, especially to classes.

Leslie May—Silence is golden.

Mildred Maw and Mary Mulloy—The Dual Alliance personified.

Ralph Murray—The guy behind the grin.

Calvin Roberts—If there's anything you want to know ask "Aristotle" '27.

Henry Saggese—The guy that won the marshmallow cufflinks.

Thomas Saunders—Who doesn't know the Triple Threat of Winthrop High?

Richard Simpson—"Beany's" getting used to having his bones "broke."

Walter Smith—If there's anything you want to know about French, ask Walter to ask Miss Eveleth.

Miriam Sprince—As your name suggests you're "fast" in your studies.

Leslie Walker—Spanish and French don't mix well do they "Les"?

John Donovan—He looks innocent anyway.

Horace Smith—Aims to be our star actor.

Elsie Rouillard—The little girl in the back of the room.

Elizabeth Armstrong—Lib thinks that she is big, being librarian.

"Fred" Brush—Too bad Fred has such a poor memory.

Marjorie Bissell—Our coming Nell Brinkley.

Georges Bertrand—Maybe Slikum would help, Georges!

Eugene Dunn—Gene does not take after his learned twin; that is sure.

Samuel Fleischer, Yale Greenberg, Morris Grant—English class would be incomplete without the debaters, Sam, Yale, and Grant.

Katherine Godfrey—We would all be better off if we did our home work as faithfully as Katy does.

Olive Gatter—Question: does or does not Olive like chem?

Dorothy Hartt—It is a shame that Dot dropped chem, because we all miss the little controversies.

Harriet Hayes—Hatt may be slow and quiet, but "she gets there just the same."

Helen Jorgenson—It must be an advantage at times to be as tall as Helen.

Margaret Kenrick—Isn't it a shame, girls, that we can't all be actresses like Mag?

Edward Leach—Ah, ha!—Miss Beck's favorite student.

Louise Metcalf—We are all glad that it wasn't necessary after all to collect the money for Louis' hair cut.

Robert Morrison—What would we do if we didn't have Bob to correct everything we say?

Dorothy O'Brien—We can't all be artists like Dot.

Wm. Patterson—There is one thing to be said for Bill—he can jump.

Mary Petrucci—The girl who needs a loud speaker to be heard, whispering in class.

Lucia Saylor—We take great pleasure in introducing Lu, the human question box.

Ruth Simson—Never mind, Ruth, we can't do math either.

Robert Sedoff—Never mind, Peanut, good things come in small packages.

Edythe Sawyer—Edie, president of the well known P. D. Q.'s—'nuff said!

Baldwin Steward—Stewie is so bright in chem! He actually shines.

Emmy Thompson—Wouldn't it be a grand and glorious thing for the teachers if we were all as smart as Emmy?!

Frances Magee—We wonder how many books Fran reads per day, and if she really knows as much as she pretends to.

Leslie Goodall—Maybe Les will wake up some day—maybe!



Senior Class Ballot

Number of Ballots Cast—112

Out of the chaos of ballots and names that piled onto the editor's desk, the following results were obtained (not counting one crippled editor):

Wittiest (Boy)—M. "Nip" Friedenberg grabs the prize in this department, with "Norm" Corwin trailing; **(Girl)**—For spontaneous feminine wit we have Madeleine Fopiano, with Ada Foley a close second.

Most Popular (Boy)—Quantity and quality determine popularity, thus "Rajah" Titus; **(Girl)**—Not so much quantity in this case, but plenty of quality—Miss Anna Cook with Sally Brooks as runner-up.

Best Looking (Boy)—John Martin and Arthur Tewksbury are voted the closest resemblances to collar ads; **(Girl)**—"Jo" Rollins and Doris Wales, in respective order emerge victorious from the wide-spread field of competitors.

Quietest (Boy)—Arthur Tewksbury has the laziest larynx, while Johnny Lochhead's tongue gets plenty of rest; **(Girl)**—Veronica Preg and Ruth Clarke can be called the "Gold Dust Twins" if silence is golden.

Best Workers (Boy)—Frank Bauer never snoozes in class—neither does Jim Leighton, the runner up; **(Girl)**—Virginia Fowler nosed out Anna Cook in this department.

Best Athletes (Boy)—"Les" Wile grabs this honor, but "Tom" Carnicelli sees that he doesn't "hog it all"; **(Girl)**—The inseparable Sally Brooks and Ada Foley, respectively.

Best Actors (Boy)—John Martin almost unanimously receives the verdict; **(Girl)**—D. Vogel Davis and Anna Cook take this honor.

Most Prompt (Boy)—F. Ferdinand Bauer, Jr., easily romps to victory; **(Girl)**—And so does Virginia Fowler.

Know the Most (Boy)—Uncomfortably close race, with "Art" Roberts just nosing out Byron MacKusick; **(Girl)**—Here Virginia Fowler begins to monopolize.

Best Bluffers (Boy)—"Abe" Smith and Martin Delorey are the best life savers (they throw the best line); **(Girl)**—"Kate" Stevens enjoys this office all by her little self.

Sleepiest (Boy)—Franklyn McNaught and "Butz" Healy never heard of insomnia; **(Girl)**—Virginia Simson is found to sleep extemporaneously, spontaneously, and spasmodically.

Nicest Smile (Boy)—"Jim" Leighton's wicked smile is enchanting; **(Girl)**—"Jo" Rollins is voted best smiler, while Grace Pigon garners quite a few ballots.

Best Dressers (Boy)—Guy Lothrop and Tom Carnicelli without a doubt; **(Girl)**—Isabel Blandford and Jeanette Rea without that much.

Prettiest Hair (Boy)—Tom Carnicelli and John Martin will never wear hats after reading this; **(Girl)**—Anna Cook's blue hair, of course, nets her first place, with Isabel Blandford an eyelash-to-eyelash second.

Had the Most Sessions (Boy)—Felix Vergona and "Butz" Healy were inspired by the song, "Linger Awhile"; **(Girl)**—Geraldine McCarthy was hardly disputed.

Biggest Feet—John Sullivan and Roger Titus are the best "dog breeders."

Biggest Drag (Boy)—When anything "big" is mentioned, Roger Titus grabs the spotlight; **(Girl)**—Ada Foley hypnotizes the teachers somewhat.

Tallest (Boy)—We'd hate to cross up Crossman . . . unanimous cowboy victory; **(Girl)**—Isabel Blandford and Doris Wales have skyscraperish lines.

Shortest (Boy)—Robert Copenhagen and Charley Reid are the tiny boys; **(Girl)**—Ruth Cousins and Ethel Reese never eat Fleishman's yeast.

Poet (Boy)—"Norm" Corwin's rhymes give him first place, while Guy Mellgren follows up; **(Girl)**—Laura Atkinson and Isabel Blandford dash off a mean line of verse.

Artist (Boy)—J. Edmund Devlin fell short four votes for a unanimous victory; **(Girl)**—Laura Atkinson had Devlin's difficulty in winning first place.

Thinnest (Boy)—"Bob" Crossman and Warren Gillon use themselves for toothpicks; **(Girl)**—"Maggie" Verdi's diet was very successful.

Bolshevik (Boy)—N. Lewis Corwin juggles the bombs while D. Perrone uses a dirk; **(Girl)**—Miriam Kadushin is the most radical girl.

Business Man (Boy)—Bernard Flannery and Frank Bauer ought to work together; **(Girl)**—Sara Klier, undisputedly.

Scientist (Boy)—Who else but "Les" Dimes and Warren Gillon?; **(Girl)**—Isabella Macfarlane "hocks" the most votes.

Orator (Boy)—"Norm" Corwin appears to be quite glib, while his accomplice, Frank Bauer shares the distinction; **(Girl)**—Sara Klier and Minnie Fleishman make it a debating team quartette.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

James A. Leighton '26, President

Richard Rowe '27, Vice President

Sarah Brooks '26, Secretary

Edward R. Clarke, Treasurer

Field Hockey—Sarah Brooks '26, Captain; Ada Foley '26, Manager; Natalie Howland '27, Assistant Manager.

Football—Roger Titus '26, Captain; John Campbell '27, Manager; Horace Smith '27, Assistant Manager.

Basketball—Paul Connor '26, Captain; Waldo Bueck '26, Manager; John Holmes '27, Assistant Manager.

Baseball—Martin Delorey '26, Captain; Laurence Monahan '26, Manager; Harry Aiken '27, Assistant Manager.

Track—Albert Jenkins '27, Captain; Guy Mellgren '26, Manager; John Donovan '27, Assistant Manager.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Edward R. Clarke, James A. Leighton, Frank A. Douglas, Albert R. Stedfast,
Harvey E. Sleeper, Harold W. Poole



FIELD HOCKEY

Front Row—F. Till, M. Abely, S. Brooks, A. Foley, E. Rainville. Second Row—N. Howland, B. Bruce, F. McCann, K. Shepherd, M. Barkley, L. Saylor. Back Row—M. Thompson, Miss Dow, Miss Key.

The Field Hockey Team finished a highly commendable season on November 10, playing Swampscott at Swampscott.

Winthrop had an almost entirely veteran team this year, there being seven "experienced wielders" who returned to the lineup. Captain Sarah Brooks, Manager Ada Foley, Kathryn Shepherd, Bernice Bruce, Marjorie Barkley, Frances McCann and Marion Thompson constituted the nucleus upon which the team was made up. These players along with "Bunny" Abely, Estelle Rainville, Lucia Saylor, "Nat" Howland, and Frances Lill—played first team hockey throughout the season. Helene Ezekiel played as a substitute in several games and upheld her position as such very well.

The girls opened their season by journeying to Dedham in the large spacious bus which was hired to transfer the teams to all out-of-town games. Although conquered in so far as the actual score was concerned, nevertheless a practice game such

as this one is often the means of perfecting the teamwork. When the whistle blew at the end of the fourth period, the score stood 4-2 in favor of Dedham. Ada Foley started in this season where she left off last year and chalked up both points for Winthrop.

Keeping up the fine spirit which pervaded throughout the entire season in victory or defeat, the girls cheerfully accepted the second reverse of the season at the hands of the Wellesley aggregation, at Wellesley. The girls themselves, however, considered this game in the light of a victory because of the decided improvement in teamwork which was very noticeable throughout the entire game. Bernice Bruce, Estelle Rainville, and "Sally" Brooks played a good game for Winthrop. This, the second game of the season, was also a practice game.

On October 16, still playing on foreign territory, the girls started their league

games with a decisive victory over the Woburn outfit with a score of 3-1. This game was most exciting from start to finish. Bernice Bruce, Frances McCann, and Ada Foley played best for the home team, each adding their bit to the final score.

Playing their first home game of the season, the local team conquered the flashy champions of 1924. This was the first defeat that the Arlington aggregation had suffered since 1923. Each player was in rare form, and many thrills were afforded the audience throughout the game. The first thrill came when Ada Foley dashed up the field and when within a few yards of the goal "socked" the ball between the bars with plenty of speed to spare. This goal was not counted, however, because of off-side, and the game continued with both teams battling on even terms. Then Marion Thompson stepped out of the ranks, did a young Nurmi up the field, and crashed the ball through the goal posts which spelled victory for W. H. S. in the form of a 1-0 score.

Melrose, the championship outfit for this past season, proved a veritable stone wall for the local girls. The Winthrop team could do nothing when brought up against a team of Melrose's strength, agility, pass-work, and teamwork. "Sally" Brooks proved her ability to play in the back field when she stepped into the goal as guard in place of Lucia Saylor, who was hurt in the course of the game. When the dust had settled at the end of the fourth quarter, the final score as outlined by the official score-keepers was 4-0 in favor of the red and white. Frances Lill and "Bunny" Abely did some fast stepping for the home team.

The local outfit came back strong in the next game, however, and overwhelmed Lexington to the tune of 4-1. The game started off with a bang when Ada Foley dashed up the field for the opening goal of the game. In the next few minutes of play Frances McCann followed her example and added another point to the score. When the game was ended the final score stood 4-1 with the blue and white leading. Marion Thompson and Ada Foley accounted for the remaining two goals.

The next adventure was at Winchester and was perhaps the most exciting of all, as one might easily judge from the final

score of 1-1. Bernice Bruce saved the day for Winthrop by accounting for the only goal for the home team. "Nat" Howland and Estelle Rainville played a good game for Winthrop.

The last game of the season didn't turn out as we would have liked to see our season close. Fate was unkind to our girls, and they departed from Swampscott with the score of 2-0 in favor of the home team. This game was played on a very muddy field, and it afforded much amusement to the spectators to see the girls slipping and sliding from one end of it to the other. This score reflected no discredit on the home team, however, as it was a very closely contested battle throughout and the Swampscott aggregation had to put up a strong fight for their two points. Ada Foley, Lucia Saylor, Marion Thompson, and Estelle Rainville played a good game for the home outfit.

At a meeting of the Athletic Council, the following girls were unanimously awarded the "W" for the season of 1925: Captain "Sally" Brooks, Manager Ada Foley, Captain-elect Bernice Bruce, Manager-elect Frances McCann, Estelle Rainville, Lucia Saylor, "Nat" Howland, Marjorie Barkley, Marion Thompson, "Bunny" Abely, and Kathryn Shepherd.

Miss Dow, a graduate of the Boston School of Physical Culture, who coached the girls this season, deserves commendation for the way in which she handled the team.

"Nat" Howland, a member of the Junior Class, was appointed Assistant Manager for the year.

- Oct. 8. Dedham at Dedham.
Winthrop 2, Dedham 4.
- Oct. 13. Wellesley at Wellesley.
Winthrop 0, Wellesley 1.
- Oct. 16. Woburn at Woburn.
Winthrop 3, Woburn 1.
- Oct. 20. Arlington at Winthrop.
Winthrop 1, Arlington 0.
- Oct. 22. Melrose at Winthrop.
Winthrop 0, Melrose 4.
- Oct. 27. Lexington at Winthrop.
Winthrop 4, Lexington 1.
- Oct. 30. Winchester at Winchester.
Winthrop 1, Winchester 1.
- Nov. 6. Swampscott at Swampscott.
Winthrop 0, Swampscott 2.



FOOTBALL

Front Row—T. Carnicelli, V. Nelson, S. Pelofsky, R. Titus, J. Fraser, L. Marotta, J. Leighton. Second Row—F. Fitzpatrick, M. Saggese, R. Rowe, R. Crossman, R. Freeman, E. Gnidi, T. Saunders. Third Row—T. Grimes, W. Aiken, P. Svenson, L. Racea, R. Haley, F. Sinatra, J. Gray, J. Rex. Back Row—H. Smith, J. Campbell, R. Goldstein, H. Saggese, W. Bell, G. Crocker, D. Snow, T. Trainor, Prin. Clarke, H. Bartlett, Coach Poole.

When Coach Poole in the fall of '25 presented a rather seedy-looking batch of pigskin chasers, the football experts were convinced, from one look, that the team would merit the "also-ran" distinction.

The critics gloated over the partial fulfillment of their prophecy when Winthrop, in its first game of the season, was unable to break through Chelsea's line for the score which would have broken the 0-0 deadlock. Although the scoreless tie is indicative of an evenly-matched game, Winthrop's playing was far superior to that of its opponents.

On Saturday, October 3, with typical Harvard-Yale sloppy weather conditions Winthrop met with a 6-3 defeat at the hands of a Brookline High outfit which later proved the sensation of its league. The "Blue and

White" led 3-0 (thanks to the toe of Tom Saunders) until a blocked punt ruined things.

The "Pooles" took the breath away from the beloved experts by spanking the powerful Durfee High team of Fall River on the latter's home grounds to a 13-0 tune. Saggese and Carnicelli did the "doings" while Leighton contributed generously to the smearing.

Winthrop's second win was chalked up when it successfully dribbled Swampscott, champs of 1925, by a 20-0 score—Leighton and Saggese did some clever eccentric dancing on the Swampscott line, while Capt. "Rajah" Titus and his line were as impregnable as usual.

The football world received another shock when Winthrop, completely outclassing the

classy Lynn Classical team, took first place in the league. The Lynn boys were entirely helpless before the terrific pounding of the Winthrop backs, and they made snail-like headway against the powerful resistance of the opposing line. Saggese scored the tally that provided for the 6-0 victory,—the first in more than a decade against Classical. The Lynn team won the North Shore league championship but Winthrop had the distinction of being the only team in the circuit to make it “bite the dust.”

Only a week later, a second Lynn team bowed to Winthrop. English, after remaining on even terms for three periods, faded out of the picture when Dick Rowe snatched one of Saunders' passes and toddled down the field for a touchdown. Guidi's point after touchdown netted the 7-0 score.

For the first time in five weeks of strenuous football playing, Winthrop's goal line was crossed, due to the rather lucky completion of a forward pass. Despite the Beverly touchdown, Winthrop took things easily in romping to a 10-6 win.

Marblehead's big football ship fresh from sailing through to a 58-0 victory, met with a cyclone when it bumped into Winthrop at Ingleside Park. Dick Rowe and Bob Crossman broke into a Marblehead play late in the third quarter and blocked a punt. A march down the field, marshalled by Carnicelli, Leighton and Saggese, terminated in a touchdown when Thomas Saunders pierced the Marblehead opposition—Leighton distinguished himself by his clever backfield work. The Winthrop line was the feature of the game. Not a first down was made by rushing against Titus' men in the entire fray.

Battling to keep first place out of the reach of Revere and Classical, Winthrop, under the nervous tension created by the winning of six straight games, fell under Peabody's aerial attack. In one period, Peabody did more scoring against Winthrop than had been done during the entire season. The first quarter's results proved final,—14-7. Both of Peabody's scores were made from forward passes—and Winthrop's line still remained with a clean record!

“With all the bad football out of its system,” as Mr. Stedfast remarked in his address at the Revere game rally, Winthrop crushed Revere in a game which marked the climax of a highly successful season. The game was played at Fort Banks, neutral grounds. The 20,000 people in attendance watched Winthrop rip its way down the field in the first quarter to gain a well-earned touchdown (Leighton to blame). In the last quarter Saunders plunged over the line for Winthrop's second tally and Guidi's catch of a pass brought the count up to 14-0. The victory gave Winthrop undisputed possession of second place, a mere half game behind Classical. The pleasure, of course, came in the fact that Revere lost its chances for championship and dropped to third place.

A few minor games were played against the Fort Banks team, Winthrop running wild in all of them. The scores of two such scrimmages were 26-0 and 61-0.

Winthrop's line, consisting of Fraser, Nelson, Capt. Titus, Pelofsky, Guidi, Rowe and Freeman was unscored on during the entire season.

The Year's Results

Sept. 26.	Chelsea at Winthrop.
	Winthrop 0, Chelsea 0.
Oct. 3.	Brookline at Brookline.
	Brookline 6, Winthrop 3.
Oct. 12.	Fall River at Fall River.
	Winthrop 13, Fall River 0.
Oct. 17.	Swampscott at Swampscott.
	Winthrop 20, Swampscott 0.
Oct. 24.	Lynn Classical at Winthrop.
	Winthrop 6, Lynn Classical 0.
Oct. 31.	Winthrop at Lynn English.
	Winthrop 7, Lynn English 0.
Nov. 7.	Beverly at Beverly.
	Winthrop 10, Beverly 6.
Nov. 14.	Marblehead at Winthrop.
	Winthrop 7, Marblehead 0.
Nov. 21.	Peabody at Winthrop.
	Peabody 14, Winthrop 7.
Nov. 26.	Revere at Fort Banks.
	Winthrop 14, Revere 0.
Totals: Winthrop 87, Opponents 26.	



BASKETBALL

Front Row—T. Trainor, E. Baker, L. Wile, P. Connor, R. Crossman, J. Rex, L. Racca. Second Row—R. Mackay, J. Campbell, T. Saunders, D. MacPherson, C. Crutchfield, R. Verdi. Third Row—W. Lappen, A. Fenton, O. Tornrose, S. Pelofsky, E. Coghlen. Back Row—W. Bucek, R. Titus, J. Holmes, Coach Poole.

Winthrop at Natick

The basketball team made a fine showing in their opening game by winning from Natick 29-15. Wile and Connor showed in this first game that they would pair up to make a wonderful combination as forwards.

The second team also won by a score of 15-11.

Winthrop at Everett

The second game of the season also proved to be a win for Winthrop. The game, fast from the start, gained speed with every second until the action became so rapid towards the end that the outcome of the game virtually hinged upon the toss of the ball. The final score was Winthrop 28, Everett 25.

The second team lost 10-6.

Watertown at Winthrop

Winthrop for the third successive time showed what wonderful basketball it could play by winning from Watertown 22-19. The game was very fast and exciting from start

to finish, especially so in the last few minutes. The second team was nosed out in a very close game 17-16.

Framingham at Winthrop

Another win for the Blue and White making four altogether. Framingham started out well but were soon routed and easily whipped to the score of 34-10.

Brud Baker, our old point scorer, surprised the visiting team by rolling up seventeen points—half of the team's total and almost twice as much as the visitors scored.

The second team was beaten 10-6.

Winthrop at Chelsea

Playing under the handicap of a small sized floor, Winthrop lost to Chelsea 23-18. Capt. "Egg" Connor accomplished the astonishing feat of securing the whole eighteen points of his team's score.

The second team also lost 25-5.

Arlington at Winthrop

Winthrop easily beat Arlington 35-13 in a fast and interesting non-league game. Con-

nor and Wile, our flashy forwards, seemed to work wonderfully together and piled up most of the score between them.

The second team lost 16-9.

Winthrop at Brockton

Brockton High's undefeated quintet added another win to its streak of six victories when it beat Winthrop, its closest contender, a 25-18 trimming. The Brockton five were forced to fight the limit to gain this victory.

Captain Connor and "Les" Wile, with nine points apiece, did all of the team's scoring, and stood out as the individual stars of the game.

Winthrop's seconds came back to form today and forced their opponents to battle hard for a 10-9 win.

Winthrop at Arlington

In a non-league game Arlington tied Winthrop 24-24. The game was slow and uninteresting, being marred by the frequent blowing of the whistle. Captain Connor starred for Winthrop by scoring fourteen points.

The second team lost 19-2.

Everett at Winthrop

Winthrop tucked away its fourth home victory when it crushed Everett's first and second teams by the respective scores of 26-14 and 9-4.

Di Venuti and Fisher, Everett's much-heralded stars, quite lost their brilliance in the wake of the flashy playing of "Egg" Connor and "Les" Wile who provided an ample supply of baskets.

The playing was fast and clean, the latter being observed in the decided lack of fouls.

The second team won its first game in seven starts when it suddenly arose against their opponents and laid them low.

Winthrop at Watertown

Winthrop met its third defeat of the season at the hands of Watertown by the score of 22-15. The game was poorly played and was marred by many personal fouls.

The second team lost a very close and fast game in an overtime period by a score of 12-10.

Winthrop at Framingham

Winthrop scored another victory by snowing under the Framingham quintet to the

tune of 48-21. They certainly put over a decided victory as the one sided score shows. The first quarter was fast, both teams scoring, and at the end of the half the score was 17-14. The second half showed no opposition for Winthrop as they made thirty-one points to seven made by Framingham.

The second team lost 25-20.

Chelsea at Winthrop

In the fastest and most spectacular game of the season the Winthrop High quintet caged a 19-14 win over Chelsea High. Chelsea High favored to win, started off with a rush, but at the end of the half found themselves trailing along at the short end of a 12-7 score. The game was a hard fought one all the way, and was in no way marred by unsportsmanlike playing. Connor and Wile, consistent high scorers for Winthrop, secured sixteen points for their team. Both teams showed a wonderful five-man defense, a fact which accounted for the low score.

The second team was beaten by a much stronger team 18-14.

Brockton at Winthrop

Winthrop determined to equal its series with Brockton; and Brockton equally determined to remain undefeated in the league, clashed at Winthrop in a game which proved to be the narrowest squeak for Brockton this season. The play went back and forth, neither side securing a decided lead, and toward the close of the game, with the score 15 all, Brockton gained a three-point lead which they held for the rest of the game.

Winthrop lead at the close of the half 11-6 but failed to do anything in the second half.

The second team lost 17-7.

Winthrop finished second in the Suburban League—won eight, tied one, and lost four.

At the meeting of the Athletic Council the basketball "W" was awarded to the following: Captain Paul Connor, Lester Wile, Robert Crossman, Louis Racca, Ernest Baker, Justin Rex, Thomas Trainor and Waldo Bucek.

The lettermen unanimously elected Thomas Trainor to pilot the Blue and White next year.



BASEBALL

Front Row—M. Saggese, T. Trainor, L. Wile, E. Baker, M. Delorey, J. Rex, G. Lothrop, T. Carnicelli, B. McLaughlin. Second Row—H. Aiken, V. Nelson, T. Saunders, G. Glass, D. MacPherson, W. Lappen, G. Vance, Coach Poole. Back Row—H. Freeman, J. Bradley, C. Dailey, J. Broderick, E. Rabinowitz, R. Verdi, O. Tornrose, A. Beddoes, R. Gaudet, L. Monahan.

Although the team was delayed at the beginning of the season by poor playing conditions and the absence of its captain, "Frog" Delorey, it has given a fine account of itself. A large number of candidates reported, and the school was lucky to have a practically entire veteran team on the diamond. The usual try outs and elimination left the following team ready for the practice game with Burdett:

Catchers—Glass, Beddoes, Gaudet, Freeman and H. Saggese.

Pitchers—McLaughlin, Nelson, MacPherson, Broderick, Rabinowitz and Tornrose.

First—Lothrop, Vance.

Second—Wile, Fenton.

Third—Trainor, Haley.

Short—Baker, Bradley.

Field—Rex, Saunders, Carnicelli, Verdi, and Lappen

The games are as follows:

April 16—Burdett 8, Winthrop 4

This was the first game played by the team. It was only a practice game but was full of promising characteristics, considering that the team had had so little practice due to the poor condition of the park. Lothrop and Trainor both brought in a run with two baggers, and, although the game was not on the list of victories, no body felt at all disturbed.

April 21—Winthrop 2, Lynn English 2

This game was played at Lynn English and was a fine peppy game. Both teams seemed in good form, and the crowd was enthusiastic. This game developed into an eleven inning game, which was called on account of darkness. The result of this game was encouraging, and the team seemed ready to meet Revere.

April 24—Revere 12, Winthrop 9

This game, although a loss for Winthrop, was a close game into the eighth inning. "Brud" Baker and "Tom" Carnicelli played wonderful baseball, and the team looked good until the last inning, when Revere brought in three runs and cooked the "Goose" for Winthrop.

April 28—Chelsea 4, Winthrop 3

Chelsea's rally in the seventh won the game. This game was a fast clean game to watch. "Jud" Rex knocked a triple in the second inning but was unable to score, and "Brud" Baker reached third three times only to get left. "Goose" McLaughlin pitched a wonderful game, and the game was a hard loss to Winthrop.

May 1—Winthrop 5, Peabody 3

This game was played at Peabody and put much encouragement into the team. "Pie" Trainor starred with two triples and a fine job at catcher's position. "Goose" fanned ten men and put the pep into the team that everybody expected.

May 5—Winthrop 13, Beverly 5

The Beverly game, played here, added another fast and flashy victory to the Winthrop nine's credit. Trainor again took charge of the catcher's unit, and Nelson started, striking out four men in his four innings of action. "Goose" McLaughlin finished out the last five innings. Baker, Trainor, Carnicelli, Rex, Saunders, Lothrop, Nelson and Haley all scored, Haley knocking two successive home runs, the only homers of the season.

May 7—Lynn Classical 10, Winthrop 2

This game seemed to be overcast by bonehead plays and general bad luck, which resulted in a 10-2 victory for Classical.

May 12—Winthrop 8, Marblehead 2

"Frog" Delorey who was previously ineligible now took up his old position at home plate. Martin seemed to bring back the luck and break the jinx. MacPherson pitched a fine game and was mostly responsible for this victory.

May 15—Winthrop 6, Lynn English 2

This was a short and sweet victory for the Winthrop nine. Drenched by rain, the team easily ran up six runs to English's two, and the game was called at the end of fifth due to the rain.

May 19—Revere 3, Winthrop 2

Although this was a close game, the Winthrop team was greatly disappointed at losing to their old rival, Revere. The score was 1 to 1 until the tenth inning, when Vowles of Revere socked out a three socker and brought in the winning run for Revere.

May 22—Lynn Classical 6, Winthrop 3

Another defeat was experienced when Classical won a decisive victory 6-3 over Winthrop. Hopes were up in the ninth when MacPherson brought home a man on a triple hit, but they were soon dashed and the game was a loss.

May 24—Peabody 9, Winthrop 5

The team seemed to have a jinx on it and went down to another loss to Peabody. Nothing very sensational occurred, and Peabody ran the score up to a 9-5 loss for Winthrop.

June 2—Winthrop 7, Beverly 5

This game seemed more like the real team playing again. Lothrop showed up in his old form and knocked a three bagger in the 11th inning. "Goose" and "Vic" held down the mound and both pitched a good game.

June 5—Chelsea 2, Winthrop 1

This game was a fast game and was among the best games played this season. It was a close 1-0 game in favor of Winthrop, until in the eighth Chelsea scored two runs on a three bagger by Player. Although a loss on score the team deserved credit.

June 8—Winthrop 9, Marblehead 3

With this game the team wound up its season. It was a good all around game, although a few errors were made. The game turned out to be a splendid victory characteristic of the nine.

Out of fourteen games the team won seven, tied one and lost six. The regular first team line up was as follows:

Catcher—Delorey and Glass.

Pitcher—McLaughlin, Nelson, MacPherson.

First—Lothrop.

Second—Wile.

Third—Trainor.

Short—Baker.

Left Field—Carnicelli.

Centre Field—Saunders.

Right Field—Rex.



TRACK

Front Row—E. Coghlan, G. Simson, L. Sobey, T. Carnicelli, T. Saunders, A. Jenkins, W. Bell, F. Sinatra. Second Row—Coach Coulman, H. Bartlett, W. Van Dalinda, W. Aiken, C. Crocker, F. Holbrook, W. Patterson, J. Henry. Back Row—G. Mellgren, J. Dervan, P. Mover, M. Saggese, J. Whipple, J. Holmes, P. McCarthy, J. Zerga, J. Donovan.

The season opened this year December 8 when Coach Coulman called for candidates. There was a fine showing of sixty-nine, but there were only six veterans.

The first meet was lost to Browne and Nichols by a score of 48-15. Saunders and Patterson took 2nd and 3rd respectively in the high jump. C. Crocker got a third in the 40-yard dash, Jenkins a 2nd in the 1000-yd. dash, and Sinatra a 2nd in the 300 yd. dash. Saggese tossed the shot for a 3rd.

The second meet was won by Lynn English by a score of 44-10.

Summary

Broad Jump—Bell, 2nd.
High Jump—Saunders, 2nd.
300 yd. dash—Carnicelli, 2nd.
600 yd. dash—Simson, 3rd.
Relay—Winthrop.

Results of Noble and Greenough Meet

Noble and Greenough 44, Winthrop 16.

45 yd. dash—C. Crocker, 3rd.

1000 yd. dash—Jenkins, 2nd.

Hurdles—C. Crocker, 2nd; Saunders, 3rd.

High Jump—Saunders, 1st; Patterson, 2nd.

200 yd. dash—Bell 3rd.

B. A. A. Meet

Winthrop 4½ pts. for second in the relay.

State Meet

Winthrop won 9th place. Saunders got a 2nd in the High Jump, and the Relay team won a third place.

The Juniors walked off with the Inter-class meet with a total of 57 points. The Seniors came second with 15 points. The Sophomores took away 8 points and left the Freshmen 1.

Winthrop lost to Cambridge Latin 47-23.
High Jump—Saunders, 1st; Patterson,
3rd.

Broad Jump—Saunders, 1st; C. Crocker,
2nd.

100 yd. dash—Sobey, 1st; Sinatra, 3rd.

1 mile—Bartlett, 3rd.

220 yd. dash—Sinatra, 3rd.

440 yd. dash—Sinatra, 2nd.

Rindge Tech was beaten by Winthrop
with the adding machine reading 46-26.

100 yd. dash—Sobey, 1st; Bell, 3rd.

1 mile—Bartlett, 2nd.

Shot Put—Saggese, 1st; Bell, 2nd.

High Jump—Saunders, 1st, tied with
Patterson.

440 yd. dash—Simson, 1st; Whipple, 3rd.

Broad Jump—Saunders, 1st; Bell, 3rd.

220 yd. dash—Bell, 1st; Sobey, 2nd.

880 yd. dash—Jenkins, 3rd.

Winthrop loses to Quincy 44-28.

100 yd. dash—Sobey, 1st.

220 yd. dash—Sinatra, 1st.

1 mile—Bartlett, 2nd.

High Jump—Saunders, 1st; Patterson tie,
2nd.

Broad Jump—Saunders, 1st; C. Crocker,
2nd.

Beverly easily taken by Winthrop 49-19.

100 yd. dash—Sobey, 1st; Carnicelli, 3rd.

880 yd. dash—Jenkins, 1st; Holbrook,
3rd.

Broad Jump—Saunders, 1st; C. Crocker,
3rd.

220 yd. dash—Sobey and Sinatra, 1st.

Shot Put—Aiken, 3rd.

440 yd. dash—Simson, 1st; Sinatra, 2nd;
Whipple, 3rd.

High jump—Saunders, 1st; Patterson,
2nd.





TENNIS

Front Row—A. Fenton, E. Stone, E. Coghlen. Back Row—W. Stewart, R. Ball.

Through the efforts of a few W. H. S. students a tennis team was organized this year. Upon the receipt of a letter from Mr. Wakefield, President of the Winthrop Tennis Club, offering the use of that organization's grounds, a meeting was called of those interested in tennis. A team resulted with Ellis Stone, manager, and Sarah Brooks, assistant manager. After a week's practice, including a match with Lynn Classical, the team started the sea-

son by defeating the Mechanic Arts High School on May 19 by a score of 5-0. On May 22 the team went to Dummer Academy and were defeated 4-2. On May 28, the team played Watertown at Watertown winning 4-1. The next day Mechanic Arts was defeated a second time by a score of 4-1. On June 3 Melrose nosed out W. H. S. by a score of 3-2. In the second game with Watertown, June 11, W. H. S. was defeated 3-2.



Activities



ECHO BOARD

Front Row—V. Fowler, E. Rainville, A. Foley, A. Cook, L. Rowe, S. Klier.
 Second Row—A. Fenton, J. Lochhead, L. Atkinson, P. Altmeyer, I. Blandford, D. Davis.
 Third Row—N. Corwin, J. Devlin, Miss Drew, O. Crocker, G. Millgren.
 Fourth Row—L. Wile, J. Leighton, L. Monahan, W. Bueck, A. Stewart. Back Row—F. Baner, L. Goldberg, Prin. Clarke, J. Martin, H. Smith.

This year of 1926 ended the fifth year since the establishment of the Echo in newspaper form. We of the Board, realizing the importance of this paper to the student body, have tried hard to make the Echo worthy of its many readers. In the publication of this small paper there is involved more expense than the subscribers perhaps realize. In past years the Echo has just barely paid for itself. This year many subscribers were lost when the eighth grade was transferred to the new Junior High School building. Consequently some means of making up for the deficit that their departure caused had to be devised. Our efficient Business Manager was right on the job and he procured enough advertising to

make up for the deficit. The increase in advertising, however, brought a new difficulty—lack of space. The paper small in itself was well crowded. Joke and Exchange columns had to be omitted several times. These omissions were the cause of much criticism from our readers. It is because of that criticism that this article appears. May it serve as a suitable explanation of many of our policies.

We have tried to make this Year Book as attractive and interesting as possible, that it might be a worth-while keepsake.

Whether or not we have succeeded in our many endeavors this year, we of the Echo Board thank our readers for their co-operation and appreciation.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



SENIOR PLAY

Front Row—J. Rollins, L. Rowe, A. Cook, G. Pigon, E. Jenkins, F. Pransky.
Second Row—C. Stevens, I. Blandford, M. Tully, M. Bridgman. Back Row—R. Ball,
John Martin, G. Lothrop, N. Corwin.

On Friday, December 18, 1925, the Senior class presented "The Charm School," a play which was unanimously considered the best ever given. The play itself was very charming, and it was exceptionally well done by a cast chosen with Miss Spence's usual good judgment.

John Martin took the leading role of Austin Bevans, a young automobile salesman who was bequeathed a girl's school as a legacy. The plot centered about this unusual situation and involved Elise Benedotti, the president of the senior class, played by Grace Pigon, and Miss Hayes, the principal of the school, played by Margaret Tully. Norman Corwin as Homer Johns, Elise's guardian, Catharine Stevens as Miss Curtis, the secretary, and Anna Cook as Sally Boyd, played character parts and kept the audience laughing. These familiar names speak

for themselves and the whole cast helped to make the play a great success.

Cast

Austin Bevans.....	John Martin
David MacKenzie	Guy Lothrop
George Boyd.....	Roger Titus
Jim Simpkins.....	George De Roo
Tim Simpkins.....	Robert Ball
Homer Johns.....	Norman Corwin
Elise Benedotti.....	Grace Pigon
Miss Hayes.....	Margaret Tully
Miss Curtis.....	Catharine Stevens
Sally Boyd.....	Anna Cook
Muriel Doughty.....	Louise Rowe
Ethel Spelvin.....	Kathryn Shepherd
Alix Mercier.....	Evangeline Jenkins
Lillian Stafford.....	Mildred Bridgman
Madge Kent.....	Frieda Pransky
Charlotte Gray.....	Isabel Blandford
Dotsie.....	Josephine Rollins



OPERETTA

In the Picture—V. Nelson, D. Davis, A. Stewart, J. Leighton, R. Irish, R. Titus, A. Cook, J. Martin, V. Preg, A. Uman, E. Rainville, E. Jenkins, A. Foley, G. Pigon, J. Sullivan, L. Atkinson, M. Friedenberg, J. Rea, F. Sinatra, S. Grady, T. Carnicelli, M. Tully, H. Mayer, E. Arnold, R. Abrams, R. Ball, O. Crocker, I. Blandford, C. Crocker, D. Stearns, A. Nickerson, M. Verdi, F. Stone, D. Wales, R. Barney, M. Kadushin.

"Pepita," an operetta of old Mexico, was first given for the lower classes on May 14, and was pronounced such a success that it was repeated on the evening of May 26, as well as on Class Day, June 9. The many solo parts revealed much unsuspected talent in the Senior class. The special scenery, painted by John Pike of the Freshman Class, and the bright costumes were very effective.

Cast

Pedro, an Innkeeper.....Allison Stewart
Filipa, his daughter.....Ruth Irish
Carlos, an outlaw.....Victor Nelson
Pepita, a Mexican maid.....Dorothy Davis
Henry Hepworth, an American Millionaire
..... Roger Titus

Jane Hepworth, his sister.....Anna Cook
Wilson, his valet.....James Leighton
Romero, a smuggler.....John Martin

Chorus of Village Maids and Young Men.
Ellis Stone, Clayton Crocker, Abraham Uman, John Sullivan, Otis Crocker, Milton Friedenbourg, Richard Abrams, Arthur Nickerson, Robert Ball, Paul Norris, Harold Mayer, Thomas Carnicelli, Fred Sinatra, Stephen Grady, Robert Barney, Eleanor Arnold, Mildred Bridgman, Veronica Preg, Evangeline Jenkins, Isabel Blandford, Margaret Tully, Doris Wales, Jeannette Rea, Margaret Verdi, Grace Pigon, Laura Atkinson, Estelle Rainville, Miriam Kadushin, Ada Foley, Dorothy Stearns.



SCHOOL PLAY

Front Row—M. Halford, M. Kenrick, A. Brauz. Second Row—W. Van Dalinda, R. Kruger, E. Sweeney, M. Toy. Back Row—H. Smith, R. Morrison, L. Sobey, R. Brock.

On April 9th a delightful comedy of Louis Parker's, entitled "Summer Is A Comin' In," was given at the theatre.

It was a three act offering and was filled with bits of rare humour. The story in brief concerns four racketty young chaps who went, willingly or otherwise, to war and "left their girls behind them."

Upon their return however, they discovered that their respective fiancées had married the boys that stayed behind with them. The boys straightway swore eternal hate for the so-called weaker sex and took up their abode in an old farmhouse. The

events following kept the audience in laughing until the final curtain.

The cast is as follows:

Willoughby Spencer.....	Louis Sobey
Harry Davenport.....	Walter Van Dalinda
Jack Hollybush.....	Robert Morrison
Ernest Wybrow.....	Horace Smith
Sylvia Spencer.....	Margaret Kenrick
Betty Smirk.....	Madeline Halford
Daisy Lapping.....	Helen Kruger
Rose Philpotts.....	Myrna Toy
Mrs. Vokins.....	Annie Branz
Mr. Vokins.....	Richard Brock
Selina.....	Eileen Sweeney



ORCHESTRA

In the Picture—D. Stearns, M. Ehrlich, A. Roberts, S. Lundy, F. Pransky, M. Sperber, C. Reed, N. Perry, J. Knipe, E. Dunn, F. Nelson, E. Jenkins, N. E. Willis (director), E. Glucker, A. Johannot, L. Von Betzen, S. Boiarsky, C. Carghill, S. Levy, G. Garr, B. Levine, D. O'Brien, B. Rosenberg, M. Boylan, R. Finklestein, E. Fingold, A. Stengel, G. McLean, R. Murray, B. Reed, W. Johnson, D. McGaw, C. Roberts, L. Goodall, A. Uman, M. Segal, G. Sawyer, L. Sobey, J. Whipple, C. May, D. Swim, J. O'Toole.

PresidentClinton Reed
 Vice PresidentJay Knipe
 SecretaryMartin Sperber
 LibrarianNewell Perry
 Asst. LibrarianEugene Dunn
 Concert MistressMrs. N. E. Willis
 DirectorMr. N. Elliot Willis

The years of 1925 and 1926 have been the busiest the orchestra has had since its foundation. At the beginning of the year, Mr. Willis had about fourteen engagements already booked. These included playing for the Middlesex County Teachers' Association for the third time in four years, an honor which no other orchestra but our own has enjoyed. The orchestra has also played for all Boy Scout plays, all the Stage Door Associates' plays and, of course, the famous

Winthrop High School plays, besides the Class Day and Graduation exercises. Groups from the orchestra have also played for the Woman's Club and for the school debates.

The annual concert was one of the best ever given, and the music was of a type which interested everyone who attended. Clinton Reed played a cornet solo, and Miss Ruth Howard sang three numbers. These two musicians showed that W. H. S. sure has musical talent.

This year Mr. Willis's duties as principal of the Junior High School have kept him so busy that Mrs. Willis was appointed as Assistant Director, and she presided over the group when Mr. Willis could not be present.



BAND

In the Picture—J. Anderson, L. Von Betzen, M. Sperber, M. Segal, D. Swim, G. Sawyer, R. Murray, J. O'Toole, N. E. Willis (director), O. Hodgkins, E. Glucker, W. Johnson, N. Perry, E. Dunn, I. Fritsch, P. Mover, J. Pike, H. Moore, D. Rowe, C. Reed, J. Donovan, W. Sliney, H. Flynn, W. Moore, J. Dalton, D. McGaw, J. Knipe, A. Johannot.

Last September the Winthrop School Band was organized under the direction of Mr. Willis. This organization comprised of about thirty boys is the first of its kind in Winthrop. Most of the members were gathered from the brass section of the High School Orchestra and from the remnants of the old Boy Scout Band. Rehearsals were held regularly every week and under their capable leader the Band progressed rapidly.

The Band made its initial appearance during the Community Hospital campaign parade. They played on this occasion while riding in a truck. The next, and probably most important time, that they played was

at the annual football game between W. H. S. and Revere. On this occasion the Band formed at the high school and marched to Fort Banks. During the game they played the school songs besides many others. The Band lent to this occasion a real college atmosphere and they were certainly appreciated. The Band has also played at all the Scout exhibitions during the year. They have played with several parades, including the one on Memorial Day.

The members of the Band are uniformed in white pants, a sweater, and sailor cap. It is hoped that next year regular uniforms may be secured, and also that a joint concert might be held with the orchestra.



DEBATING TEAM

Front Row—M. Fleishman, R. Silverman, S. Klier, E. Sweeney, R. Britt. Second Row—Miss Buethe, Coach; C. Roberts, A. Jenkins, A. Smith, M. Segal. Back Row—N. Corwin, J. Devlin, F. Bauer.

In the fall of 1925 the Debating Clubs were organized with the following officers:

Girls' Debating Club

PresidentMinnie Fleishman
Vice PresidentMargaret Dineen
SecretarySara Klier

Boys' Debating Club

PresidentFrank F. Bauer
Vice President.....Abraham Smith
SecretaryAlbert Jenkins

The first public debate of the season, the Boys' and Girls' Annual Debate was held Feb. 19, 1926. The team was made up of Sophomores and Juniors, as well as Seniors. The question was, "Resolved, that small colleges are preferable to large ones." The speakers were as follows:

Affirmative

Eileen Sweeney
Minnie Fleishman

Negative

Abraham Smith
Albert Jenkins

Sara Klier

Alternates

Ruth Britt
Rose Silverman
Esther Rudginsky

Frank Bauer

Alternates

Norman Corwin
Kendall Clark
Calvin Roberts

Although the boys were aided by a materials committee which consisted of Richard Brock, Chairman, Saul Foster, James Whipple, and Frank Holbrook, the judges when casting their ballots, voted the girls the winners by a 2-1 vote. Sara Klier was awarded the decision of best speaker of the evening.

This year, however, after the annual Boys' and Girls' Debate, a Debating Society was formed. This organization combined the two clubs. At the first meeting held March 11, 1926, the following officers were elected:

PresidentFrank Bauer
Vice President.....Abraham Smith

SecretaryMinnie Fleishman
Executive Committee—M. Mildred Nisson,
 Albert Jenkins, Richard Brock.

Debates between the members of the club kept up the interest of the newly formed organization.

The Interscholastic Debate with our rivals, Revere High School, was held on May 21, 1926. The question was, "Resolved, that the U. S. Government should own and operate the anthracite coal mines." The Winthrop speakers were as follows:

Affirmative at Winthrop	Negative at Revere
Minnie Fleishman	Abraham Smith
Norman Corwin	John Devlin
Frank Bauer	Sara Klier
Alternate	Alternate
Melvin Segal	Calvin Roberts

Under the capable supervision of Miss Elizabeth Buethe, for the first time in the history of the school the teams were victorious away from home as well as at Winthrop. At Revere the team was awarded a unanimous decision; at home, the team was voted the winner by a 2-1 vote. Frank Bauer was awarded the decision as best speaker of the evening.

The prospects of a successful season for 1926-27 are very promising. The remarkable success of the present year is an incentive for more students to participate in the activities of the Winthrop High School Debating Society.

SCIENCE CLUB

PresidentArthur Roberts
Vice PresidentFrank Bauer
SecretaryJames Wells
Business ManagerLeslie Dimes
TreasurerMr. Loomis

Near the beginning of the year, the officers of the Science Club drew up a constitution which, with some minor charges, was accepted by the members. This constitution will last indefinitely and serve as a basis for all business affairs.

Immediately after the acceptance of the constitution, three members of the Junior Class were elected as junior executive members. These were Ralph Murray, Albert Jenkins, and John Holmes, who helped

the officers plan and carry out the programs for each meeting.

The programs were quite varied, and many of the members gave topics during the year. Besides the regular speakers, Leslie Dimes, the business manager, gave a demonstration experiment at each meeting, and these experiments proved so interesting that one entire meeting was given over to experiments conducted by Arthur Robert's and Leslie Dimes. At another meeting, a four reel film of the Chevrolet car, its construction and the organization behind it, was given by Mr. Loomis. Many thanks are extended to him for so efficiently operating the machine, and the club will gladly recommend him as a moving picture operator. The time between films was filled in with piano solos by Richard Brock, and harmonica solos by A. Sprague Tewksbury, Jr.

One of the most interesting occasions was a trip to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. About ten members were conducted through the Tech buildings. Many interesting things were done, such as actually bending a solid steel bar four inches in diameter. Special instruments showed that the bar was bent an appreciable amount by merely being pulled upward with one's hands. Kendall Clark and Leslie Dimes each sat in front of an X-ray machine, while the other members saw their hearts beating in a very life-like manner. Their whole chest and lung structure could also be plainly seen. The professors who conducted the trip very interestingly explained everything as it came along.

We hope that the next year's Science Club will be the most efficient and interesting club in the school.

FRENCH CLUB

PresidentArthur Roberts
Vice PresidentFrank Bauer
SecretaryCatharine Stevens
TreasurerAnna Cook

At the first meeting of the Cercle Francais, which was held on November 5, in Osborne Hall, the officers were elected. The election of a boy as president was a departure from precedent, but the club has prospered in spite of this fact. At this meeting Isabel Blandford was elected as

Publicity Committee, and M. Tully, M. Bridgman and I. Blandford were elected as a membership committee.

At the next meeting on December 22 in Osborne Hall, about twenty Juniors and Seniors were initiated, and, after the President had explained the Constitution, the object and the motto of the club, a very interesting program consisting of several readings, selections by a girls' chorus, and a three act play, was presented.

At the third meeting on February 17, in Room 2, it was decided that as the club had over forty dollars in the treasury, some of this money could be spent in buying a picture. This picture, a panorama of Paris, has been framed in our own shop, and now decorates Room 2. At this same meeting a committee was elected to decide what changes, if any, should be made in the constitution of the club.

At the next meeting, April 7, in Osborne Hall, the committee recommended that the constitution be revised so that sophomores who had an average of 85% or better through the fourth marking period, could be admitted to the Cercle. This recommendation was accepted, and the revision to the Constitution made. At this meeting the most elaborate program of the year was given. Besides several readings, Veronica Preg gave a piano solo, and Dorothy Stearns proved that the French Club has vocal talent by singing two clever French songs. A play, "Rosalie," was given in a very capable and entertaining manner by Norman Corwin, Isabel MacFarlane, and Catharine Stevens.

As a result of the amendment to the Constitution, there were forty-six sophomores to be initiated. As their initiation the Sophs had to give the entire program at the meeting of June 2, which was held in Room 10. In the business meeting it was voted to buy a quarter page ad in the Echo Year Book for the French Club. After a varied program by the sophs, the president extended his wishes for the prosperous continuance of the Cercle, and the meeting was adjourned.

If the membership of the Cercle increases next year at the rate it did this year, the president's wish will be gratified to the fullest, and the club will be the largest and most prosperous in the school.

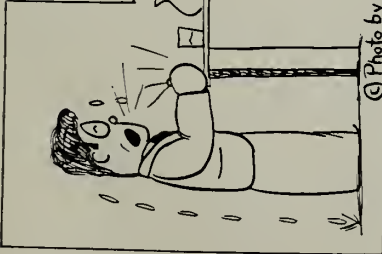
CONTIO LATINA

The Latin Club, which is one of the largest and most flourishing of the clubs of W. H. S., held four meetings this year. On October 28, was held the annual business meeting for the election of officers, and on December 10, the meeting for the initiation of new members. After the initiation, which consisted of recitations in Latin, a short program was given by the Seniors, including more recitations and several musical numbers. These two meetings were the last to be held under the supervision of our beloved teacher, Miss Ayres.

A third meeting was held on January 26, with a short program consisting of dialogues and Latin crossword puzzles. On March 23, an entertainment was given by the club in Osborne Hall. A solo was rendered by Mary Cambridge, following which came the initiation of new members, the club song and cheer, and a saxophone solo by Melvin Segal. A one-act play, entitled "Off with His Head," presented with a cast of forty-four Freshmen and Sophomores, concluded the program which reflected great credit on the new praetors, Miss Bacon and Miss Nelson.

No one can estimate the loss sustained by the Latin Club in the death of its praetor, Miss Ayres. The Contio Latina was founded by Miss Ayres in 1917, and under her guidance grew and prospered, each season surpassing its efforts of the preceding year. The entertainments given from time to time have been most interesting and beneficial to all. We hope that the club may continue to thrive and to carry on its splendid work, ever mindful of the teacher who so generously gave her time and effort in order that this organization might be successful.

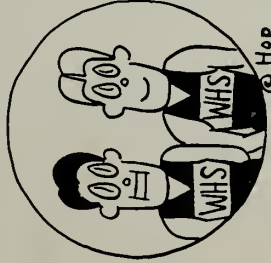
ROTOGRAVURE SECTION



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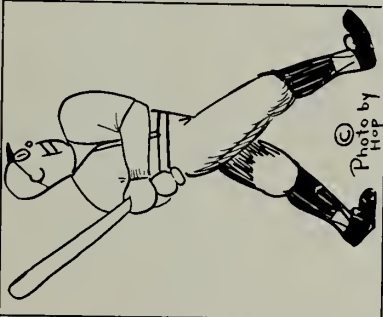
Left
Frank Bauer
as seen by
the Echo
reporter
during the
WHS-BHS
debate.
Bauer was
voted best
speaker.
WHS2-BHS.

Right
Spib Haley getting
his second homer
of the afternoon
against Beverly at
Ingleside Park.
OWHS13-BHS's



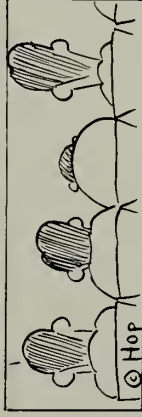
© Hop

Conner and Wile as
seen by the Echo
photographer after
the Framingham game
in which Conner scored
18pts and Wile 17 pts
as WHS won 48-23



© Photo by Hop

Below - John
Sullivan snapped
with his pet
dogs. Sullivan
is on the left



© Hop

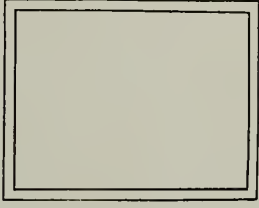


Right - Samantha Jones
says she don't care
who she sits beside
at the banquet if
the food is plentiful

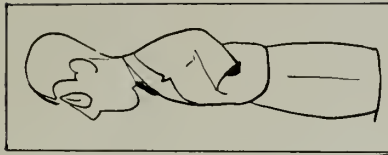
Norman Corwin tries his hand
at art. The subject of his
first picture is the study
of a K.K.K. meeting in a snow-
storm. Right

Left
W.H.S. football
team in action at
the banquet in
their honor they
can eat as well as
they can play
football. And
that's good!

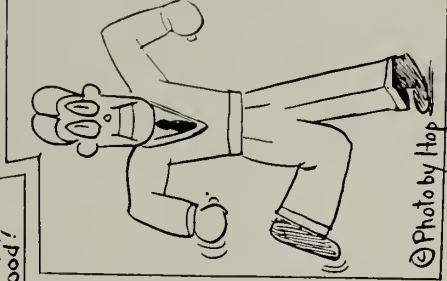
Lower
Right
No Rotogravure
section is
complete
without a
Charlesburg
picture



© Hop



Right
John Martin, noted actor,
as he appears in every day
life. © Photo by Hop



© Photo by Hop



SMOOTH

"It is a bit discomfoting, I dare say, to know that you have exactly so many minutes to live—that within five minutes from the time you leave your cell to go to the chair you'll be cooked for good,—and yet, you know, there's no point at all in worrying about it,—in fact, I'm just as happy now as I was at any other time of my life."

The nonchalant, carefree, "don't-give-a-damn" attitude of this super-criminal rather surprised me. When a man has four hours and twenty minutes to live, and he knows it very well, I am inclined to think that he could spend his time to better advantage than to withdraw a Camel cigarette and eye a newspaper reporter very carefully while relating his experiences and giving his opinions.

"I suppose you'll get a swell write-up of this affair," he said to me between puffs,— "Really too bad I won't be able to read all you have to say, heh, heh!"

I responded with a forced and artificial pair of "hehs," uttered more out of consideration than sheer glee.

"Yep," he said, "s'all in the game . . . Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks," said I, taking heed to the peculiar sensation that might ensue from the smoking of an almost dead-man's cigarette.

"Anything of a specific nature that you would like to know for your article?"

"Well," . . . I stammered . . . "what do you think of your sentence—reasonable?"

"Heh, heh," with a shrug of the shoulders, "that makes me laugh. To tell you the truth, I didn't give a hang about the whole thing. In fact, there were times at my trial that I was caught napping. I know one thing, though—if it wasn't for my fat-headed attorney I might have got by on insanity."

"Insanity? Not you—you speak too intelligently to be taken for a nut."

"Thanks. But I can talk and act like a nut you know."

"But that doesn't go with the psychic experts."

"Don't go? Say—don't tell me nothing don't go. What do you think they call me 'Smooth' for—because I make everything go—and go smoothly, too! You know, they never would have nabbed me if it wasn't for the slightest clue,—and say,—I'll tell you confidentially—it's about four hours before the time for my execution now, is it not? Now listen,—the undertaker's wagon won't rattle away with me tonight. I'll get out. Remember, here I am in my cell talking to you,—the warden is about a hundred feet away, the guards are nearer, and the chair is in perfect working order. Not the slightest possibility for escape, either by violence or trickery—yet,—and get this—I'll make things go—I'll get out!"

"Sounds funny," I replied, becoming a bit uneasy.

"Say, bo,—anything goes when you understand human nature. 'Don't go' did you say? That's what they told "Bob" Fulton when he invented the steamboat . . . don't go, . . . heh, heh!"

"You're absolutely confident?"

"Absolutely!"

"Of course, this won't be a 'Sid Carton' stunt?"

"There is no Santa Claus."

"But" . . .

"You'll be at the execution tonight?"

"I guess so."

"Very well, I'll speak to you after the execution."

"Then you believe in ghosts?"

"No, no, no! Gee, but you newspaper men have funny ideas—I'll speak to you in flesh and blood after my execution—remember,—

and now here comes the warden and the electrocutionist down the corridor!"

"I suppose you despise the very sight of them?"

"No, I'm not narrow-minded,—it's their duties that they perform—nothing else. Well, well,—Mike and Ike."

There was no occasion, in my opinion, for such a reference as Isaac and Michael. They did not resemble each other in any respect. The warden was a slim, short affair with a clean, smooth-shaven face and well-combed hair, while the electrocutionist, on the other hand, was more or less "brutish" as the term is used in reference to football players. He had all the ear-marks of an amateur boxer or a professional thug,—pug nose, grizzly hair, protruding chin.

Any stranger, without doubt, would have mistaken the electrocutionist for the criminal upon seeing them both standing there,—the former a bit restless, the latter absolutely unpreoccupied.

"Meet Mr. Curran," the prisoner said, nodding his head to the electrocutionist, while the warden was inspecting the cell. I blurted out a puzzled "How-de-do."

"Everything O. K. on the wires, Curran?" asked the prisoner.

"Everything!"

"Switches, fixtures, the chair plugs,—everything?"

"Don't you worry—everything."

"Fine—fine! By the way, Mr. Curran, how many prisoners have you thrown the switch against in your experience?"

"Oh,—I couldn't say exactly—I've never kept count of them,—probably in the vicinity of fifty."

"Well, Mr. Curran, I know exactly how many how you've killed—I've inquired—been shown the records by request. You've killed fifty-six."

"Well, what of it?"

"I make the fifty-seventh!"

Curran's jaw fell. "Fifty-seventh did you say?"

"Fif-ty sev-en," continued "Smooth," "think of it!" Curran's voice became slightly broken.

"Are you sure?"

"Positively!"

"What difference does it make," broke in the warden who had completed his in-

spection of the cell,—"why all the unnecessary chatter?"

"No difference," answered Curran, coming back to himself once more, "no difference at all. But I must go now to inspect the wires,—coming Joe?"

The two men ambled out of the cell and I was left alone with "Smooth" once more.

"You know," he said to me, "Curran gets some two hundred dollars for every execution he commits. All he has to do is to throw a switch,—merely a matter of having the blood on his hands, that's all. He's paid that amount by the state for every job he does,—and he's the only official executioner in the prisons—pretty soft, what?"

"I should hope to say. But what's this '57' business?"

"Well,—er,—Heinz's varieties, heh, heh!—have a smoke?"

"No thanks,—I must be going now."

"You'll be back to see me after the execution?"

"Yes, but it's no diff to you,—you won't see me."

"Bet on it?"

I hesitated for a moment and then—a half meant "Yes!"

"Two hundred smackers! If I lose, you own my possessions which are worth about six hundred,—if I win,—you fork over. Right?"

"Right! But I've got to get back to the office now—so long!"

"Not so long now—two hours and a half"

. . . .

I returned to the newspaper office with a headache. I am always gifted with a headache whenever I am worried or perplexed or confronted with a problem that I cannot solve. I performed my few duties and sped back to the jail to witness the execution. As the taxicab drew up to the prison gate, I drew out my watch. It was quarter of twelve. "Smooth" had about five hundred more breaths to draw before he descended to the great frying pan, I computed.

I entered the prison, showing my reporter's pass, and walked down by the cells into the "death chamber" itself. It was a small, circular room, with a high arched ceiling and gray stone walls. At one end of the chamber was found the "switch-room," where, unseen, Mr. Curran was to perform.

A most pronounced atmosphere of barrenness and desolation was prevalent, underscored by the enervating silence. Footsteps resounded down the dark corridor,—tap, tap, tap,—the death-like monotony of approaching footsteps,—but it was only the doctor, some newspaper men and the officials. Directly behind them came Mr. Curran, who stepped quickly across the chamber and stood waiting at the door of the “switch-room.”

I looked at my watch—four minutes of twelve.

Footsteps,—even,—uniform—the footsteps of three or four men—I knew what that meant. I was right, there was “Smooth”—manacled, escorted by two sinister looking prison guards. “Smooth” was radiantly beaming as though he had been presented with his pardon and a thousand dollar check. (Probably premeditation on that two hundred dollar wager.)

My headache became violent when I noticed the prison numbers “57” on his cap. “Smooth” was thrust into the chair by the guards, who were expecting a struggle,—but the criminal merely yawned and smiled unconcernedly at the few in attendance. Curran went over to the chair and fitted the metal hood over the victim’s head. He fastened the steel bands with a loud “clip.” All that could be seen of “Smooth’s” face was his white, aquiline nose, projecting from under the hood, and his smiling lips. As Curran entered the “switch-room,” “Smooth” reminded him, in a soft, low teasing tone—“fifty-seven.” Curran seemed to falter a bit but plunged ahead into the darkness of the “switch room.”

The moment was tense. It was about one-half minute of twelve. Everyone but me had his eyes on the strapped victim,—I could not bear the sight of the convulsion that immediately precedes death,—instead, I watched the lights on the ceiling, which I knew would flicker when Curran threw his switch. The seconds drifted by . . . no flickering. The clock on the wall struck a horrible but abbreviated “bong.” Silence. The doctor approached the chair to officially pronounce the man dead.

“Hold your thoroughbreds,” the victim laughed,—“I’m very much alive!”

“Well I’ll be d—what’s the matter with Curran?” shouted one of the officials. “Hey

Curran!” No answer. He rushed into the switch room, but returned quickly with a distracted look. “He’s gone! He went out through the back door that leads to the street! I wonder what went through him?”

General business of wonderment, during which “Smooth” was highly amused.

“We’ll have to call this off,” the official told us,—“the execution will be postponed indefinitely.”

I left, glad to get out into the fresh open air. I had lost to “Smooth!” I resolved to get the money to him in the morning and solve the “57” mystery at the same time.

After a sleepless night, I re-visited “Smooth.” I heard a “jazzy” interpretation of the “Prisoner’s Song” as I approached his cell.

“I rather like that write-up,” he said as he greeted me with a smile.

“Well,” I drawled, wanting to get right down to the matter. “I guess you win.”

“I know I win. Two hundred coldslaws, please!”

I tendered him the check. “But first of all,” I said, “tell me about this ‘57’ business and how you miraculously foresaw your escape.”

“Well,” he said, withdrawing a cigarette once more—“it’s this way,—have a seat—want a cigarette?”

“No, thanks, don’t smoke!”

“Oh, I see . . . you’re a Puritan! Well . . . it’s this way . . . As soon as I was established in this prison I made it my business to find out who the ‘electrician’ was. Once done, I took great care to watch him when he was working on the wires in the yard, which I can plainly see from my cell window. Through careful observation, I noticed that Curran was inclined to be superstitious. Whenever one of the big ‘Heinz’s’ trucks stopped at the supply house near the yard, he tried to avoid looking at the sign of ‘57’ on the side of the truck. When, however, he did see it, he’d cross himself, or spit or do some other crazy stunt. Several instances of which this was merely an example confirmed me of the belief that he was superstitious. I found out, through the warden, who is very friendly with me, that a series of ill-fortuned events were **connected with him**,—two of which were the deaths of his mother and father both at the age of fifty-seven. Well—can’t

you see through the rest of it? Rather than to doom himself to the fate that would follow the executing of the 57th man, Curran ran out of the back door of the switch room. It will be several weeks now before they get a new electrocutionist."

"Say—you're a wonder!"

"Thanks!"

"And as to your postponed execution,—I don't see you worrying much over it."

"Why should I?"

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Because I can make things go—I can put things over smoothly. For instance, now, I was Curran's 51st case, not the 57th. The big boob took my word for it."

"Congratulations. As a murderer, you're a remarkable psychologist."

"As a what?"

"Well—er—, as a prisoner!"

"That's different!"

"But didn't you—?"

"Of course —"

"Then why —?"

"Say—congratulate me and be done with it!"

I congratulated him. I shook hands with the murderer!—a peculiar sensation seized me as he tightly gripped my hand.

"Well," I said, "you're too wise for me. I must breeze now!"

"Yeh? Well, g'bye."

"G'bye."

I hailed a cab and sped back to the newspaper office. It took me about a half hour to reach the place. When I got there, everything was in a mad bustle. The typewriters were chattering and clicking away at a mad pace.

"What's the excessive rush?" I queried.

"We've just got a phone call from state prison. They told us that "Smooth" Daly just escaped successfully and can't be traced," snapped a little gum chewing stenographer.

"O, ye gods—can you imagine that?" I exclaimed. "Why I was speaking to him only a half hour ago . . . let me see . . . it was about ten o'clock when I left him . . . what time is it now?"

I reached into my pocket for my watch—IT WAS GONE! My wallet—THAT WAS GONE! The gold ring on my finger—THAT WAS GONE!! I rushed over to a mir-

ror and looked to see if my gold tooth was still there . . . ah!—yes!—hooray!

NORMAN L. CORWIN.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BEING SANE

When one thinks about it, being sane is a great responsibility to man. He must account for everything that he does. What a relief for him to loosen the ties of sanity and be irresponsible for just a little while!

Each person is responsible for one mind, his own. He is expected to train his mind and also to practice self-control and self-sacrifice. Every day he sees things which he wants, but which he either cannot or should not have. By assuring himself that he'll do without something else, he gets just what he wants. When the next time comes, he does not make the sacrifice, but succumbs again to temptation because his will is not strong enough. He is wronging only himself.

Things go wrong. His plans fail. His hopes are crushed. Disappointment. No sympathy. Wouldn't he feel better if he could shriek his grievances to the world? Why can't he? Because people would think him insane.

He must be most careful how he conducts himself in public. If he is extremely happy, he dares not skip along and tell everyone about it. Whoever he told would, no doubt, quickly call a policeman. How hopeless it would be for him trying to explain to a judge! If the man were brought before the judge more than once on like charges, he might even be ordered to a sanitarium. Why? Because he would be considered "mentally delinquent."

Every day of his life man is responsible for every thought, word and deed from the time he awakes until he retires. If he thinks that the judgment of a man in a high public office is poor, and so expresses his thoughts, the public aghast looks at him. If he has been greatly inspired or impressed and babbles his innermost emotions to friends, they consider him a beastly bore. In short, if he does something the least bit out of the ordinary, his motives are questioned.

Why? And is that not the most diffi-

cult question to answer. A man could easily answer the questions **when**, **where**, and even **how**, but **why** stumps him. He has to think hard, and many times comes to the unsatisfactory conclusion that he did something merely because he so desired. Then is there not, perhaps, a little insanity in the sanest of us? I wonder.

There may be a way to lighten the responsibility of being sane, but the method itself is fantastic. For almost every question of public welfare is a board or committee. Would it not be well to have a committee for the promotion of temporary insanity? Each person could be allotted a certain amount of insanity each year. There are two ways by which the amount of time could be determined—the first, according to how great the worries of a person. The struggling business man might have more time than the college boy who has not as much responsibility. This plan, however would not be practicable, for does one not magnify his own misfortunes and minimize those of his neighbor? The other way would be to determine the allotment of time on a common basis. In this case too, there would be dissatisfaction. And in any case the men on the committee, besides having to be constantly sane, would have to be super-wise in order to determine how much irresponsibility each person should have.

So the solution to the problem of being always sane is but a fantasy, and man continues to bear the great responsibility of being sane.

CATHARINE STEVENS '26.

THE MYSTERY

This is a story of the Maine coast; a story of superstition and what superstition, combined with an extreme fear of the supernatural, did to a normal, healthy, particularly matter-of-fact young man.

Some twenty years ago a self-avowed exile from the world bought an island situated approximately three miles off the eastern coast of Maine. With a single servant, this man lived, seeing no other human being save those whom he met during his periodical visits to the nearest village. The first day of each month saw him stalking down the single street of the

little hamlet, closely attended by his man, looking neither to the right nor left, and holding himself coldly aloof from the vulgar gaze. This was his custom for several years.

Then came a time, when, on his accustomed day, he did not appear. People thought little of this circumstance. He was probably indisposed because of the bad weather. Days went by, and weeks became months; still he did not appear. People began to take more notice of his absence. One day a fishing boat put into port with the news that it had stopped at the island for fresh water, only to find the house deserted. Rumors of foul play started only too quickly. Soon the island became in the minds of those simple fisher-folks a place to be avoided—a place populated only by spirits of men who had been.

So regarded, the island had remained down through the years until came the summer of 1920, and with it John Thornton.

Thornton was a man of about twenty-three years. He stood six feet in his socks, had an enormous shock of black curly hair, clear frank eyes and wore a crimson "H" upon the chest of his heavy white sweater.

Thornton's family was wealthy; he was bell hopping at the summer hotel only for the novel experience of earning money. His charming personality made him a great favorite with the guests. All in all, he could not ask for a better summer. One day as he passed a group of young people, Thornton noticed that they were speaking in awed tones of the place of terror situated three miles out. He stopped and let fall some light remark concerning his opinion of persons who were frightened away from a spot only because it was surrounded by a mystery. Now it chanced that among this group was a man named Wilson. Although very young, he had a reputation for gambling. Consequently, the moment Thornton spoke those careless words, Wilson offered, in a joking sort of way, to wager him one hundred dollars that he, Thornton, would not dare to go through the house on the island at midnight. Thornton immediately accepted the wager.

The young people were dumfounded at this rash acceptance and tried to dissuade the adventurer from the purpose. But to no avail. He had a certain amount of stub-

born pride which would not allow him to take back a statement once made.

Seeing at last that their persuasions were useless, the young folks began making plans for the great event. It was arranged that Thornton was to enter the house alone. He was to carry with him a gun, a flashlight, and a goodly supply of ribbon. A piece of this ribbon he was to tie on each door-knob throughout the house. In this way, when the whole crowd went through the house the next day, they would be able to ascertain whether or not Thornton had fulfilled his wager.

The night for the adventure came,—one of those dark, mysterious nights of velvety sky and scudding clouds. At quarter of eleven a boat containing Thornton, Wilson, and a few others of the more hardy spirits (three of whom were girls), left the boat landing on its speedy voyage to the island. They arrived about eleven fifteen, disembarked from the launch, and, standing on the sand, gazed at the rambling dwelling. There it stood—grim, formidable, brooding—with an appearance of mold and decay that reminds men of things that are not to be spoken of.

The party stopped, awe-struck and chilled by the eeriness of the place. They talked in subdued voices and made one last plea to Thornton. His courage was admired, but they wanted him to abandon his mad enterprise. It would never be held against him if he “backed down.” But they might as well have pleaded with the wind which moaned overhead in the dark pines. At precisely midnight Thornton started up the narrow wood choked path. The watchers saw him pause and fasten a ribbon on the knob of the front door; saw him enter the haunted house; saw the door slowly close behind him as if forever to shut out this mortal from the sight of human eyes.

For a whole hour the party upon the beach waited with bated breath and taut nerves. At the end of that time, however, the girls began to grow hysterical and even the men began to long for the light of day. Quarter past one! Still Thornton had not appeared. And a thing happened which can only be forgiven by a complete realization of their state of mind. A sea-gull, disturbed by some unknown thing, screamed. As the piercing shriek filled the air, the

young people, their overwrought nerves breaking under the strain, ran for the boat, and pushed off for the mainland—leaving poor Thornton to what ever fate might be his. They hastened ashore, and roused the town.

About two-thirty some fifty men arrived at the island. Now every man of them was a sailor—accustomed to death and utterly fearless. Yet not until the sun came up did one of them dare to go into that house. The old ruin looked different by daylight; it was almost inviting. Somewhat ashamed of their fears, they entered the place of mystery. The basement and first three floors were ransacked by the searchers—but no Thornton. On every door there was a ribbon—yet there was no trace of the missing man. All at once an inconspicuous door at the far end of the hall, was discovered. Its knob bore a ribbon. When it was opened it disclosed a flight of stairs. Up the stairs the searchers went and there they found, leaning against the wall Thornton—dead, and absolutely **white**. His skin was the color of chalk. His hair which had been so dark and fine resembled that of a man long past the seventies. There was not a mark of violence upon his body. **But the eyes!** As long as the rescuers had the power of thought they could never put from their minds the awful sight. In Thornton's eyes was a look of abject terror. They started from the sockets as if, for a moment before a mysterious death had relieved him, he had gazed upon the most horrible thing imaginable.

What had happened? What had he seen, you ask? No one knows. The medical examiner found his coat caught on a spike projecting from the wall. This offered an easy solution and the doctors pounced upon it. They said that Thornton had been keyed up to a terrible pitch of nervousness. He had gone through the entire house and found it absolutely tenantless. Then, after he had looked in the last room, supposing there was no other person in the place but himself, his coat had caught upon a spike. The tug from behind had been such a shock to his startled nerves that he had died instantly from fright.

This was the doctor's solution. Was it right? Who knows? Who will ever know?

WALDO F. BUCEK '26.

ON BEING GOOD COMPANY FOR ONESELF

Why crave company? When, for the time, you happen to be alone, with nothing to occupy your attention, why grow restless and long for someone to talk to, fight with, play with—anything, as long as there is “someone” near? Whence originated this queer idea that enjoyment lies in sharing your thoughts with another, and listening to another’s “chaff”? Why the **other fellow**? Why not **yourself**? Who understands you better than yourself? I have often wondered why people can’t be content with holding delightful, intimate conversations with themselves. How much more can be admitted, commented on, confided—when there is certainty of being understood! Personally, I like people in general; I like to talk and listen; to be with them. But it certainly would be nerve-racking never to have time off to become acquainted with myself.

When I chance to be walking alone I take advantage of the precious moments to chat with the Other Me. Sometimes the Other Self just listens quietly to my oft-times unique and incomprehensible remarks, and acquiesces or laughs with me at incidents in which the bit of humor that struck me would go unnoticed by anyone else. Sometimes this agreeable Other Self is very disagreeable and won’t even listen to the arguments with which I try to defend myself. But no matter which Self wins, there is a satisfaction that the question has been sanely discussed from both angles and has been drawn to the right conclusion.

A time when I am especially glad that there is “someone” to talk to who understands is when I am in an elevated train. Sounds trivial, does it not? Sounds commonplace and worthy of the query—“Why pick out elevated trains”? (That’s another reason why I enjoy my Self. She’s never shocked or surprised at the things I tell her.) But, really, doesn’t a seat in the elevated, where one row faces the other, make you feel terribly self-conscious? However, since I have discovered myself it is the simplest and the most entertaining thing in the world to wrap myself in speculation—to draw away as if I were enveloped in an invisible cloak and to remain with only

mind and eyes and ears. The people are all so different! I like to study their shoes and the positions of their feet. That is one of the times when my Self laughs good humoredly with me. The positions are so grotesque and unexpected.

Once I decided to turn character reader and started practice by studying discreetly the face of the man opposite. The corners of thin pinched lips were turned down; ugly-looking lines were creased from nose to mouth; the eyes were small and squinty; the malicious expression never changed. I decided that he was either a cruel step-father or an ex-convict. Then suddenly, at a passing friend, he smiled so sweetly and brightly that my rashly and hastily constructed world of philosophy suddenly crashed about my head. My Self laughed at me while I told her that I was a failure as a face reader and had better give it up. But of course my Self has kept a secret, as she always does. She’s so dependable!

How could I ever tell anyone else these fleeting thoughts without seeming ridiculous? I love my intimate confidences and would miss them so if the privilege were snatched from me. But it never will be, as my Self and I know each other so well that I am sure we shall always be friends. And, unlike knowing another **person**, there will never be the agony of parting from her. I feel a sort of warm thankfulness that wherever I go this considerate, helpful friend will always be near to encourage, and warn, and sympathize with me. How can some people exist without this wonderful self-companionship?

GRACE PIGON '26.

ON KEEPING STEP

Did you ever watch a parade on the Fourth of July, or on any other day when the city turns out to see rows and rows of soldiers march through the streets? What is there so fascinating about the regular beat of their feet as they march and their legs flashing in and out in an even line? Someone is sure to exclaim, “How do they keep in step so perfectly!”

But keeping step is not hard, and it means a great deal. In the ranks of soldiers there would be no order at all, no method or uniformity, if each man did not

school himself to think of his companions and to do his small part in making a success of the big parade.

So in life, that biggest parade, each and every one of us has his own individual part to play. However small it may be, it must be perfect to fit in with the rest of the world. We cannot do as we like, just suit ourselves; we must think of others, consider others' rights, and keep in step with them. As the soldier is trained not to trip or stumble, so we can train ourselves to walk truly without blundering. As the soldier keeps his head high, proud of the flag that goes before him, so can we keep our heads high, proud that we were destined to be a part of a great people. And as the crowd cheers the ranks of soldiers as they tirelessly march through the city, so the world will commend the man who goes through life keeping step.

ISABEL BLANDFORD.

LIBRARY-GOERS

From my vantage point behind a venerable-looking, dark, oaken desk, a world passes before my eyes, that fascinating bit of the world known as "library-goers." Into the solemn stillness of the house of books, "a glorious court" of stately columns and dusty shelves heavily laden with the wisdom of the ages, they come trooping, a colorful and varied procession, striking a bright and lively note as does the oboe in the midst of the deep tone of the bassoon.

The procession begins. First comes a tottering, old man with a gleaming bald surface—three-score and ten years have passed over his head. He leans heavily upon a sturdy, old cane, gazes absent-mindedly about the interior with near-sighted eyes covered with a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles perched precariously on the end of his nose. He returns his books, mumbling, "Good-day. Fine day today." He goes away satisfied with one of Joseph C. Lincoln's stories of peaceful Cape Cod life.

Next comes a beloved old lady. Her snow-white hair frames a gentle face in which two merry blue eyes twinkle humorously at you. She smiles kindly as she says, "I shall only take out one book today." She walks out happily with Clara Louise Burnham's "Mrs. Pritchard's Wedding."

Then the library door suddenly swings open and an aggressive business man enters. He is profoundly shocked and goes out disgusted because we have not got the latest book pertaining to his special business, which, in this case, happens to be "Dyeing" (clothes) by I. Noe.

A group has surrounded the desk. One of the group, a stout, authoritative woman with a harassed look, inquires anxiously if we have a book on "Post-Kantianism: its Relation to Human Ideals." On questioning her as to the subject the lady herself seems to be vague on what is. "Some new cult," she glibly answers. After vain searching she departs, disappointed with not discovering what the "new cult" is.

Another one from the group, a tall, awkward youth of solemn mien, with eyes encircled by heavy tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, steps forward and in a deep bass voice asks for "The Evolution of Mankind," which seems to weigh heavily on the spirits of this young man, as evidenced by the dejected stoop of his manly shoulders and by his gloomy air.

After his departure, a book is laid precisely down on the desk. I look up and perceive a tall, angular person with thinly-compressed lips and an air of exactness pervading her whole being from the tips of her high-laced boots to her severely simple black hat. Reader, a surprise awaits you! We would naturally expect Miss G— to read such intellectual books as "The Modern Trend of Civilization" and "Where are we going to?" Instead, dear reader, she calmly selects a passionate love-story, such as "The Glory of Youth," by Temple Bailey.

Her companion in "single blessedness" of the opposite sex arrives upon the scene. He is old, but "awfully gay." His manner is that of an English lord; his appearance, that of a Beau Brummel. In a loud clear voice, he asks for "Dead Men's Money," by Fletcher—not a love-story. When given the book requested, he is profuse in his thanks and, with a formal "Good-afternoon" saunters out, jauntily swinging his cane.

Next a young girl in the adolescent stage blushing asks for a "good love-story." "The Leap-year Girl," by Onions, fully comes up to her expectations, as indicated by her pleased smile after glancing at the

first picture, which depicts a truly romantic scene.

A whistle is heard as the "gay young troubadour" strolls in, his heart as care-free as the thoughts which slip through his mind. Here you are again disappointed, for his taste does not run to poetry and "such light works." A wild western story holds him enthralled. The more blood-thirsty the tale is, the better it is enjoyed. "Man to Man," by Zane Grey, pacifies his exuberant spirits.

Last but not least, are the children, who come running noisily in, but are instantly subdued by a warning look and words of reproval. An attractive little chap with big serious eyes, being of talkative nature, asked if I had read all the books in the library. I quickly informed him to the contrary. He gazed at me half-unbelieving. To children nothing is impossible. To read a whole library seemed not unusual. Soon he was absorbed in the funny antics of "Dr. Doolittle's Circus," by Hugh Lofting. During the afternoon, fairy stories, Mother Goose stories, and animal stories are discussed in whispers.

Eight o'clock strikes and suddenly the children's room is deserted.

Nine o'clock strikes and the janitor, the "guardian of this sacred precinct," arouses the last "library-goers" out of their dreamy repose in the comfortable library chairs. Then the lights are turned out, the heavy "portal" is swung to, and the latch is turned. All is silent. The procession is over.

EVELYN F. PETERS '26.

THE OCEAN

O Ocean, red with morn's bright burst of day,

So calm that heaven reflects her glowing heights

In splendor not surpassed by worldly arts!
O Silent one, you gleam with golden lights
As on its way the yellow orb ascends.

On days when beams of gold adorn your face,

You smile, O pleasant one, you smile in deep

Blue ripples, shallow, void of racing foam.
And then you change your hue to green,
alas,

To please the eye of clouds that roam so high.

You charm the hearts of men with beauty fair.

They trust you, sail your waters, free from fear.

When you are radiant, the men of ships
Are seeking sustenance from your blue depths,

Huge ships of trade are plying on your wastes.

Alas! when black clouds scorn you with disgrace,

You like it not and swirl your depths and waves

To stars, like mountains of the sea. Nor do
You heed the men of trust. You hurl them on

With dashing foam to misery, to death.

O Ocean, love thee I do, e'en for faults
Which make the land alarmed, afraid of you!
I love your surging billows, curling foam,
Your sea becalmed with magic moonbeams pale,

And then alight with thousand sparkling gems.

And yet I trust you, one so cruel in storms.

Your varied colors, foaming spray delight
Me. Crashing breakers, calm as night,
moments

Of idleness, and lapping, soothing seas—
I love thee ocean, shall forever more.

J. L. LOCHHEAD, Jr., '26.

ON SEEING THE AURORA BOREALIS

What is this thing, O awe-inspiring sight,
That quivers in the sky and darts away,—
Some opalescent ghost of Dawn at play
In crystal silence of a hushed night?

Though well I ken the source of the chained night

That makes, in tempest's fury, but brief stay,

I gaze in wonder at its kin display
More beauteous; nor does it aim to blight.
No mortal fruit of all sciential art

Expounds full well this guest ethereal,
This paragon too far from master's brush
Which never will its mystic lore depart
From the domain of the Imperial

Whose blessed words create the heav'nly blush.

NORMAN L. CORWIN '26.

RAIN AND THE OPTIMIST

Pit
 Pat
 Pitter
 Patter
 Sounds
 Like
 Fairies' chatter
 Just outside
 My window
 Sill,—
 Let them
 Chatter
 If they
 Will.
 (THREE HOURS LATER)
 Pit
 Pat
 Pitter
 Patter
 What
 In
 It—'s
 The matter?
 All this chatter
 Too much
 Clatter;
 When the deuce
 Will it be
 Still?

NORMAN L. CORWIN '26.

TO BE FREE

Have you never wished
 That you could run away
 All through the dewy grass,
 And in the sunshine play
 With feet all bare,
 With loosened clothes,
 With flowing hair?
 To throw your arms out to the sky
 And sing and sing and sing—
 To always laugh and never cry,
 But just to have your fling?
 All nature cries aloud to you,
 The sun ne'er fails to shine,
 The sky is everlasting blue,
 The day is warm and fine;
 And you wish alone to be
 'Midst all God's beauty fair
 To shout aloud "I'm free! I'm free!"

And leave all earthly care.
 It's in us every one of us
 To do this very thing—
 To laugh, to play, to love, to live—
 Just to have our fling.

DOROTHY V. DAVIS '26.

THE MOON

Sometimes when your heart is weary
 And the world seems drear and gray—
 And you're tired of the endless
 Hustle-bustle of the day,
 Wait until the evening twilight
 Deepens, darkens into night;
 Then the moon comes sailing, drifting
 On a sea of silvery light;
 Ever peaceful, silent, steadfast,
 Breath of dearest dreams come true!
 Ever clear and pure and shining,
 Bringing faith and hope anew;
 Ghostly bubble, fancy's plaything;
 Fairy cobweb swept with dew;
 Priceless pearl and twinkling diamonds;
 Ages old, yet ever new.
 Though the wind may sweep the storm-
 clouds
 O'er the vault of midnight sky,
 Yet the moon is there behind them,
 Gleaming still till clouds roll by.

So when lonely, sad, forsaken,
 Watch the moon in heaven above,
 Ever faithful, guarding o'er us—
 Spirit of eternal love.

I. S. B. '26.

FRIENDSHIP

A little spark of friendship,
 How it keeps the soul alive!
 Makes kindness and tenderness
 And helpfulness survive;
 How much there is to live for
 And how sorrow finds an end
 In the atmosphere that's kindled
 By the presence of a friend!

ROBERT BALL '26.

THE SEAGULLS

At sunset,
 As the crimson bands and gold flame in the
 west,
 The sea-gulls to their rocky haven fly;
 And I can hear their plaintive note—
 If I am sad.

In summer,
 When the sun is north
 And all the earth is hot and parched,
 Their cry is joyous as they turn with eager
 wings
 Homeward;
 And with them I am glad.

And then,
 The winter comes with stormy winds and
 howling blasts,
 But still their brave hearts bear them on;
 And as with kindling eye I watch their
 flight,
 I feel a strength.

DOROTHY J. STEARNS '26.

AFTER THE STORM

A thundering roar
 On the lighthouse shore
 Is heard along the coast.
 That the rocks will stand
 The beat of the sand
 Is the island's lasting boast.

The day is o'er
 But the ceaseless roar
 Continues into the night.
 The waves pound the blocks
 Of huge granite rocks,
 But they hold their own in the fight.

The lamp slowly turns
 As it steadily burns,
 Flashing its warning abroad;

And all through the night
 Its tiny white light
 Cuts through the storm like a sword.

By the coming of dawn
 The storm had passed on
 And the sun was wondrous bright.
 A soft wind blew
 And the clouds were few,
 Like flaky feathers light.
 No wreckage was tossed—
 No lives were lost
 On the sands of that tiny shoal.
 But without the light,
 What then the sight?
 What then the island's toll?
 GUY W. MELLGREN, JR. '26

A SMILE

Each morn as on my way I passed,
 I used to linger near her door;
 A smile would always greet me there
 In those happy happy days of yore.
 For just one moment our eyes would meet,
 Her face alight with smile so gay
 'Twould fill my heart to the brim with joy,
 And instantly drive my troubles away.

But one sad day not long ago
 The angels came and bore her aloft;
 And I am left to sorrow and pine
 For the cheery smile once seen so oft.

For now if on my toilsome way
 I chance to wander past her door,
 I meet no pleasant cheery smile;
 Her loving look is there no more.

Though I grieve and long for my teacher
 and friend,
 And need her kind advice the while,
 Oh there's one thing that I miss the most,
 And that is her happy morning smile.

VIRGINIA FOWLER '26.





During the past year the "Echo" has received more exchanges than ever before. It has been a pleasure to read the news of the schools all over the country and to receive their helpful comments on our own paper. We hope that every one of our exchanges will remain on the "Echo" list for the coming year.

"Hi-Life," High School, Great Falls, Montana.

"Noddler," High School, East Boston, Mass.

"Tattler," High School, Nashua, N. H.

"Hilltop," High School, Warren, Mass.

"Pathfinder," Washington Junior High School, Rochester, New York.

"Bulletin," High School, Watertown, Mass.

"Jabberwock," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

"Record," North High School, Worcester Mass.

"Broadcast," High School, Everett, Mass.

"Talisman," High School, Appleton, Wisconsin.

"Chatterbox," High School, Wells River, Vt.

"Newtonite," High School, Newtonville, Mass.

"Gleam," High School, Independence, Missouri.

"Periscope," High School, Bridgewater, Mass.

"Radiator," High School, Somerville, Mass.

"School Life," High School, Melrose, Mass.

"The Hoya," Georgetown University, Wash., D. C.

"Tunxis," High School, Windsor, Conn.

"Punch Harder," Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.

"Tufts Weekly," Tufts College, Somerville, Mass.

"Wa-Ta-Ta," Superior East High, Superior, Wis.

"Crimson and Gray," Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Mass.

"The Panhandler," Guyman Texas County, Oklahoma.

"B. U. News," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"Northeastern News," Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.

"Voice," High School, Concord, Mass.

"Observer," High School, Concord, Mass.

"Salemica," New Salem Academy, New Salem, Mass.

"Tauntonian," High School, Taunton, Mass.

"Booster," High School, Wakefield, Mass.

"Broadcast," High School, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.

"Cambridge Review," Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

"Bulletin," High School, Lawrence, Mass.

"Sagamore," High School, Brookline, Mass.

"Sphinx," High School, Shrewsbury, Mass.

"Herald," High School, Westfield, Mass.

"Red and Black," Hillsboro High School, Tampa, Florida.

"Stimulator," Coffee High School, Florence, Alabama.

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"Sigma" Spalding Institute, Peoria, Illinois.

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"Gale," High School, Revere, Mass.

"Chronicle," Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt.

"Blue and White Banner," High School, Putnam, Conn.

"Brocktonia," High School, Brockton, Mass.

"Golden Rod," High School, Quincy, Mass.

"Imp," High School, Brighton, Mass.

"Echo," High School, Milton, Mass.

"Folio," Flushing High School, Flushing, N. Y.

"Register," Boys' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

"Wyndonian," Windham High School, Willimantic, Conn.

"Echo," High School, Gouverneur, N. Y.

"Argus," Classical High, Worcester, Mass.

"Red and Blue," High School, Jenkintown, Pa.

"Aegis," Central High, Houston, Texas.

"Broadcaster," Lake View High School, Lake View, Iowa.

"Beacon," High School, Waxahachie, Texas.

"Chronicle," High School, Haverhill, Mass.

"Aegis," High School, Beverly, Mass.

"Beacon," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"Recorder," High School, Winchester, Mass.

"Key," High School, Battle Creek, Michigan.

"Hillbilly," High School, Asheville, North Carolina.

"Anselmian," St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.

"Journal," Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

"Observer," Ansonia High School, Ansonia, Conn.

"Howl," High School, Colorado, Texas.

"Trade Winds," Worcester Boys' Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

"Durfee Hilltop," Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.

"Bouncer," Madison High School, Madison, Maine.

"Harpoon," High School, Dartmouth, Mass.

"St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle," St. Joseph's College High, Phil., Pa.

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Mary Gillespie, Sargent.

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Elizabeth Kent, Wheaton.

William Leviston, Boston University.

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Margaret Leviston, Haskell-Cambridge.

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Joseph Wolf, Harvard.
 Milton Band, Harvard.
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 Clayton Nickerson, Chauncey Hall.
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 Betty Kilbourne, George Washington University.
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 James Goldberg—Mass. School of Pharmacy.
 Edward Brumby, U. S. Coast Guard School.

Virginia Crooker, Boston University.
 Geraldine Carsley, Boston University.
 Alice Cunningham, Boston University.
 Irene Bucek, Pembroke.

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 Dorothy Campbell
 Leita Crossman
 Edward Allen Currier
 Dorothy Evelyn Gaddis
 Helen Goodwin
 Rosanna Gore
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Here sat "Carver" and "Duke" Stewart The Siamese twins and Cripple Brothers	Here puffed "Tonsils" Liberman "Chawlie" my boy	Here shone "Wop" Carnicelli banana man
Here lolled "Stoney" Stone of switchboard fame	Here bucked "Cowboy" Crossman alias "Shorty"	Here argued "Cake" Clark a scientist
Here played "Ba" Tewksbury the harmonica hound	Here composed Guy Mellgren a poet	Here was laid "Egg" Connor "Humpty Dumpty"
Here grinned "Sol" Uman from ear to ear	Here moaned "Turk" Perrone a would-be singer	Here mumbled "Brutus" Copenhagen a Scandinavian
	Here prayed "Deacon" Rockwood the Rabbi	Here sparkled "Dish" Crocker brightening the corner

COMPLIMENTS OF 32 IN '26

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
SENIOR CLASS

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
JUNIOR CLASS

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
SOPHOMORE CLASS

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
FRESHMAN CLASS

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
GIRLS IN ROOM 31

Doris Mae Baker
"Clap Hands!"

Isabel Selina Blandford
"Lucky Boy"

Catherine Frances Brady
"Say It Again"

Mildred Vincent Bridgman
"Sweet Child"

Sarah Brooks
"Whoopee"

Caroline Ciampi
"Carolina Stamp"

Anna Whitman Cook
"Flammin' Mamie"

Dorothy Vogel Davis
"My Pretty Girl"

Virginia Minot Fowler
"Sunny"

Margaret Eileen Hayes
"The Girl Friend"

Anna Pauline Mahony
"Thanks for the
Buggy Ride"

Geraldine Rosalie McCarthy
"Oh, Lady Be Good"

Isabella Law McFarlane
"Lo-Mah"

Grace Frances Pigon
"It Must Be Love"

Frieda Pransky
"Dark Eyes"

Mary Veronica Preg
"Take This Rose"

Helen Ray Remick
"Smile a Little"

Louise Rowe
"Five Foot Two"

Hortense Sanders
"Rememb'ring"

Marjorie Virginia Simpson
"Don't Wake Me Up"

Dorothy Jeanne Stearns
"Dizzy Fingers"

Catharine Mary Stevens
"Who?"

Margaret Virginia Tully
"Charleston Mad"

COMPLIMENTS OF THE BOYS IN ROOM 31

"Nippers" Friedenberg The life of the party
 "Henri" Lothrop The out-of-town boy
 "Dutch" Frankland "I wanna go where you go"
 "Tootie" Crocker Ladies' man
 "Chubby" Titus Everybody loves a fat man
 "Mouse" Sullivan Why girls leave home
 "Redvie" Nelson The boy tenor eleven
 "Prof" Corwin Cicero's understudy
 "Lemon" Wile 50% of the two horsemen
 "Lime" Baker The other 50%
 "Quiet" Lochhead Little Lord Fauntleroy
 "Davy" Devlin Bill, the Boy Artist
 "Bob" Ball Our leading chorus man
 "Senator" Bauer Mary's little lamb!
 "King" Grady Shifty Steve, the city slicker
 "Twang" Wells Woman's Home Companion
 "Abie" Smith Big Bluffer!—nuf sed!
 "Sky-wabs" Swartz Kaddie's Korridor Sheik
 "Sleepy" Smith The ice box wonder
 "Sta-comb" Racea Everybody's sweetheart
 "Lemon-Drops" Abrams Ginter's butter and egg man
 "Laz" Goldberg Etudiez? Not much!
 "Horrible" Baskin "Town Pride"
 "Syd" Goldberg Prominent business man

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"Dimples" Kruger	Also a farmerette	
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"Dick" Brock	An experienced butler	
"Pat" Sweeney	An angel in disguise as a slavey	
"Bob" Morrison	One of the jilted	} Brawny war vets
"Bud" Smith	Another of the jilted	
"Van" Dalinda	Also another of the jilted	

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"Easy-Chair" Titus
"No-Special" Mellgren
"Milk-Boy" McEwan
"Funny-Bone" Corwin
"C. O. D." Roberts
"No Trust" Bucek
"Utility" Flannery

She's

"Applesauce" Doris
"Sweetmeats" Sally
"Teacher's Help" Sperber
"Boss" (?) Hincheliff
"Beets" Nestor
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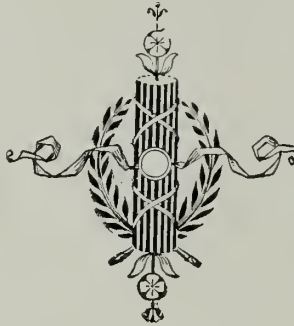
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Condition at Close of Business June 2, 1926

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
U. S. Bonds	\$ 244,202.51	Capital	\$ 100,000.00
Demand Loans	268,137.67	Surplus and Undi-	
Time Loans	283,062.73	vided Earnings	109,370.05
Mortgage Loans	1,211,598.00	Reserved for Taxes	
Investments	435,206.58	and Interest	17,831.46
Bank Building	20,000.00	Deposits	2,375,404.82
Cash and due from			
Banks	140,398.84		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	\$2,602,606.33		\$2,602,606.33

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